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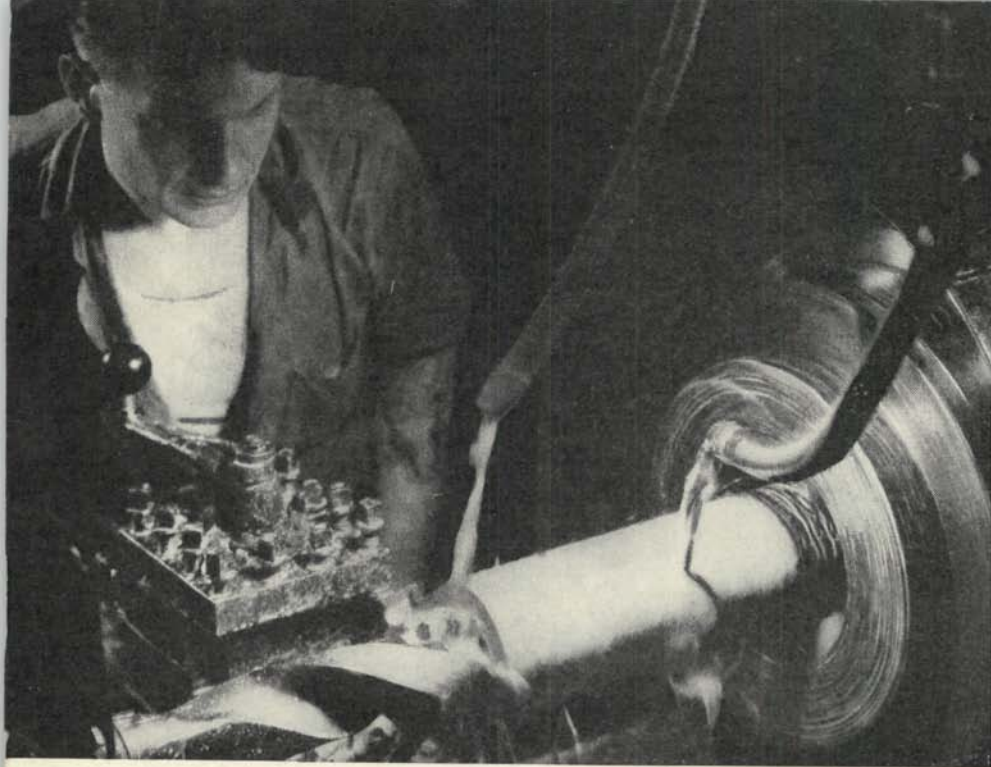
- The Triumph of the Have-Not *H. L. Mencken*
Have You Had Your Appendix Out? *M. O. Gannett*
Radicals in Our Churches *Harold Lord Varney*
Cohen and Corcoran: Brain Twins *Blair Bolles*
Russia Prepares for War *Moscow Correspondent*
Oklahoma's Fuller Life Salesmen *Jerome Mason*
The Conquest of Pain *John W. Thomason, Jr.*
When Sullivan Kayoed Kilrain *Oland D. Russell*
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NO THIRD TERM FOR ROOSEVELT

By Frank R. Kent

January, 1938

25 cents a copy



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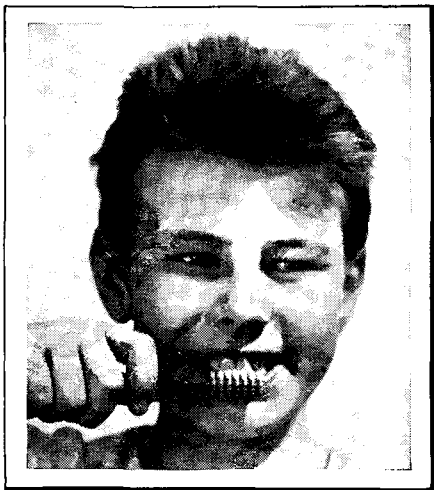
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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME
XLIII

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★★★★ THE TURNING WHEELS, by Stuart Cloete. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. A fine story of the Great Trek of the Boers, in 1836, when that stiff-necked, hardy people abandoned their Cape Colony to the English and struck north across Africa to carve a home from the Transvaal wilderness. Mr. Stuart Cloete's *Voortrekkers* are after the Old Testament pattern, with their love and their hate and their anger, their Bibles and their black concubines. Not since Olive Schreiner's time has such a book come out of Africa: it has beauty and pity and terror: there has been no better novel this year, and not more than one as good.

★★★ THEY SEEK A COUNTRY, by Francis Brett Young. \$2.75. *Reynal & Hitchcock*. Another novel of the Boer Irreconcilables who pilgrimed north into the immensities of Africa, seeking a country free from the English of the Cape Colony, whom they regarded — and they had their reasons — as intolerable masters and undesirable neighbors. Mr. Francis Brett Young understands his business, and the story is stern, compelling, and sad. (A comparison with

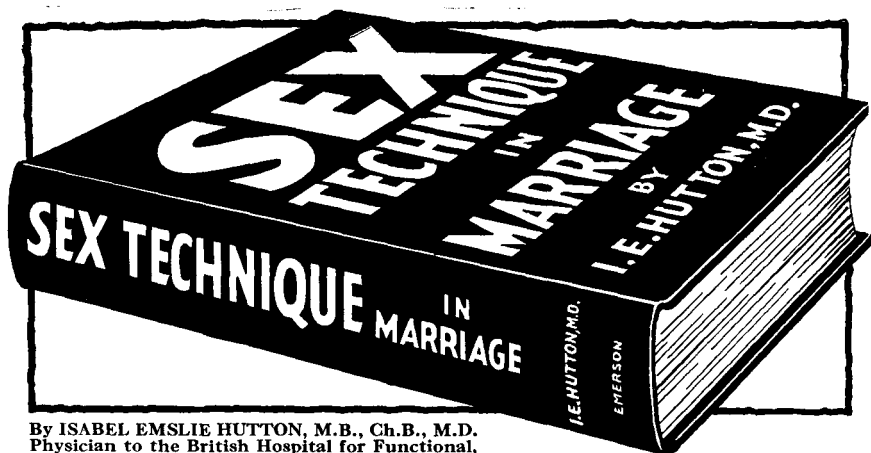
Mr. Cloete's *The Turning Wheels* is unfortunate but inevitable. Mr. Young writes as though he had seen that episode, but Mr. Cloete writes as though he had lived it.

★★★ NO HEARTS TO BREAK, by Susan Ertz. \$2.50. *Appleton-Century*. Once upon a time there was a Baltimore girl who wanted to be a queen, and bedded with Napoleon's young and foolish brother, Jerome, King of Westphalia. Miss Ertz tells the story, and you conclude that what Miss Patterson got out of life was in a measure satisfying to her. A sound and well-done narrative.

★★★ HOME IS WHERE YOU HANG YOUR CHILDHOOD, by Leane Zugsmith. \$1.50. *Random House*. Slices of life, very well done, for those who do not get sufficient life-slicing out of subways, tabloids, and automats.

★★★ THE RAINS CAME, by Louis Bromfield. \$2.75. *Harpers*. A novel of India that owes nothing to Kipling; not at all a Sahib's tale. Indeed, the sahibs and the memsahibs of his pages are not admirable folk in their general run. A practiced master of the mystery, Mr. Bromfield assembles all the requisite ingredients: high life and hell-fire, flood and plague and heat, sluttishness, and something of beauty. His surfaces are admirably done; yet it may be suspected that under his slick exteriors there are immense things passed over altogether. A long story, it drags nowhere.

★★★ EUROPA IN LIMBO, by Robert Briffault. \$2.75. *Scribners*. Follow-up to Mr. Briffault's *Europa*, the same elegant (Continued on page vi)



By ISABEL EMSLIE HUTTON, M.B., Ch.B., M.D.
Physician to the British Hospital for Functional,
Mental and Nervous Diseases, London. Foreword by
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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page iv)

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★★★ROBINSON OF ENGLAND, by John Drinkwater. \$2.50. *Macmillan*. This is a beautiful and tender story, written out of a great love for, and a great pride in, the England of the English. Robinson is, perhaps, Mr. John Drinkwater in his habit
(Continued in back adv't section, p. x)

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The American MERCURY

NO THIRD TERM FOR ROOSEVELT

BY FRANK R. KENT

IT is more than two years until the 1940 Presidential campaign, and many things may happen before then to change the face of national politics. It is, however, altogether likely that, up to the very eve of the nominating conventions, the great, loose-lipped American people will continue asking two seemingly vital questions which already are being much mulled about and mumbled over:

First: *Does Mr. Roosevelt want a third term?* Second: *If he does, can he get it?*

These seem pregnant questions indeed; but only to the extremely credulous. Actually, they are both phoney interrogatories the answers to which are perfectly plain, entirely well-known to discerning men who have read American his-

tory on the subject and grasp the basic issue raised. Yet, because of a strange mutuality of interest, it suits the purpose of a large breed of politicians and most political writers to wrap about these questions thick clouds of uncertainty and treat the subject as heavily shrouded in mystery. As a result, a considerable section of the electorate grows groggy from the speculative profundity with which it is drenched; thrilled or appalled as the individual case may be, over the prospect.

This is not a new story; it's an old one. It is the inevitable mark of the last years of every second-term President who reaches the end, going strong, with the country fairly prosperous, and no bad luck to alienate his following or

diminish his popularity. If those conditions even approximately prevail in 1940, we shall have then, as we have now, plenty of Roosevelt third-term talk; just as we had in the case of Woodrow Wilson, sick though he was; and in the case of Mr. Coolidge, despite that cryptic china egg which he laid out in the Black Hills. Hundreds of columns of comment will be printed. There will be third-term endorsements from various inspired quarters. As in the Coolidge days, clubs will demand that the President "make the sacrifice". Aspiring candidates will cry aloud for the Roosevelt renomination (as some are already doing), though that is the very last thing they want or expect. Concerned jobholders — many thousands of them — will fan the flames, partly out of loyalty, but largely out of reluctance to be sluffed off the federal pay roll. The simple-minded followers will swell the chorus without recognizing its synthetic nature and the President, serenely smiling and apparently aloof from it all, will take extremely good care to keep in a position where he cannot be accused of seeking the nomination but, nevertheless, can be found when called. In brief, this third-term business is a fine combination of bunk and ballyhoo.

But in the end, for Mr. Roosevelt, as for the others, the ballyhoo will evaporate, and, with his dignity reasonably well-preserved, he will follow his predecessors into private life. That will be an unpalatable statement to the more idolatrous of his followers, but it is none the less true. Thus the answer to the question *Does Mr. Roosevelt want a third term?* is definitely *Yes*. To the other question, *If he does, can he get it?* the answer is emphatically *No*.

Of course Mr. Roosevelt wants another term. They all do; even those who, like Mr. Hoover, had a hard and unhappy time almost from the hour of inauguration. Admiral Cary T. Grayson, an intimate of many Presidents, says that it makes no difference whether it is the first or the second term, on their last day in the White House "they all leave with a smile on their lips but an acute pain in the belly for which no physician has ever been able to find a remedy". It's the simple truth. And it probably will be truer with Mr. Roosevelt than with any other President. Certainly no other White House incumbent has enjoyed himself so much as Mr. Roosevelt. Literally, he has reveled in the Presidency — and so has his entire family to an unprecedented and undreamed of degree.

There has been no phase of his job which has not given him a thrill. Partly this is due to his interesting convictions concerning his own wisdom and virtue, and partly to the ease with which he throws aside unpleasant responsibilities and avoids the hard realities. The result is that up to a short time ago the Presidency had been to him a great, glamorous, glorious adventure, in which he played superbly the always-congenial role of the popular hero. In recent months he has had some bumps, but they have not been hard enough nor numerous enough wholly to dull the edge of his pleasure. The general possession of great power is a source of tremendous personal gratification to him, and no one with a realistic conception of the man has any doubt about his wanting a third term. Friends and foes alike agree about that. When he leaves the White House it will be with a deeper reluctance than most Presidents, because there have been few to whom the glamor, the power, and the perquisites have meant so much. This conclusion is not offered as a criticism, but as a fact obvious to everyone who has had opportunities of observation.

And it is not Mr. Roosevelt only, but also his united and unanimous family which will want to stay on

after his second term ends. As a rule, the family of a President is not brought into a political article such as this. It has been considered bad form to mention it, and in the past there has been no excuse to do so. But in the commercialization of the White House, members of the family of this President have gone so shockingly far that it is impossible to ignore them, and all question of taste is obviated by their own lack of that quality. Their material interest in having the President run again is clear. With him out of the White House, their market would disappear immediately and completely. There would be no one to buy syndicated columns, pay huge sums for baking powder endorsements, magazine articles, books, radio talks, insurance policies, and lecture contracts. And the question of how long Mr. Hearst would retain on his payroll the son, son-in-law, and daughter after the head of the family had become a private citizen, is at least speculative. None of the members of the President's family was making any money to speak of before Mr. Roosevelt became President: now they are all making a great deal. They simply wouldn't be human if they did not long to keep at it.

When to the President's own de-

sire are added these homely family facts, it is possible to go beyond a plain *yes* in answering the question of whether he wants a third term, and say that he wants it very badly. About that there is no real argument. I have heard people differ as to whether the President will run or not; but I know of no one, friendly or otherwise, who actually thinks he is averse to the idea, despite the Pecksniffian utterances of some of his jobholding subordinates, who say that they believe "one of the dearest wishes of his heart is to get back permanently to the quiet and privacy of his Hyde Park home". Bosh. He loves privacy in the same way that any other great actor loves it. He has the same love of quiet as a small boy with a new Christmas drum, and if remaining permanently at home has ever appealed to any Roosevelt, then that is news.

II

As to the other question — *Can he get it?* — obviously there is more room for dispute: but the reasons for a negative reply seem to me overwhelmingly clear and convincing. First, there is of course the basic fact that the two-Presidential-terms-is-the-limit popular conviction represents the oldest Ameri-

can political tradition, the most strongly cherished, and the only one observed without a single break for 150 years. Established by George Washington, the one man who without protest could have had a third term, it is now so deeply embedded in the public consciousness that even the most popular of our Presidents — and there have been some even more popular than Mr. Roosevelt and wanting to continue in the White House just as much — have recognized the futility of trying to break a precedent which, in effect, has become an unwritten part of the Constitution. That fact is the fundamental reason the two-term tradition has remained intact for so many generations.

Evidence is by no means lacking of the willingness of certain Presidents to sweep the tradition aside: more than one has given the idea serious consideration; more than one has been on the point of making the plunge. But no President ever has — in every instance prudence has prevailed and the weight of this principle among a people who owe their freedom to the congenital distaste of their forefathers for dynasties and dictatorships, has increased with the retirement of every two-term President.

Since the adoption of the Consti-

tution there have been 190 resolutions of one sort or another offered in Congress to limit the Presidential term by Constitutional amendment. In 1896, the Democratic Party platform had in it an anti-third-term plank; in 1912, it proposed limiting the Presidency to a single six-year term. Three times the Senate has adopted anti-third-term resolutions; the House once. The ringing 1927 Senate resolution closed with these words: "Any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions." It is interesting to note that this resolution was offered by Senator Robert M. La Follette, strong supporter of the present President. It was aimed at Mr. Coolidge, then as popular as Mr. Roosevelt at his peak, and adopted by the Senate, 56 to 25.

In the case of Mr. Roosevelt, however, there are additional reasons, despite natural desire and family pressure, why he will not run again. One of these is the conviction, bound to come to him as it came to others in his position, that he cannot make the grade. Unless he should become so completely obsessed with the notion of his own importance, this realization will deter him from the effort, as it did Mr. Coolidge, as it did Mr.

Wilson, and as it did Theodore Roosevelt in 1908. Unless he gets thoroughly befuddled it will become plain to him that the most he can hope to do is to influence the selection of his successor, and that it is not at all clear he will be able to do that. If, however, he should — and that is always possible — wholly lose his sense of proportion and, spurred on by greedy Roosevelts, ardent friends, and his own desires, be swung off balance and make the attempt, then he would be defeated, humiliated, and discredited — and well deserve to be. He easily might fail of the nomination: he would, in my opinion, certainly be overwhelmingly beaten at the polls. Those are rather unequivocal statements; but there are practical political facts which sustain them.

For example, it will be conceded, I think, that if this great American tradition is to be broken, the man who smashes it must yield not only to an unmistakable popular demand but also to an unanimous party call. In other words, he must be drafted. Clearly, he cannot openly seek a third term. Nor can he connive in the drafting without it's being smelt. And one whiff would be enough. If ever a man is elected President for a third time in this country it will be because,

practically without a discordant note, and in accord with a great popular sentiment, and to meet a great national crisis, his party forces the nomination upon him. Almost anyone will agree that for a President to have to fight for a third nomination or to have to force it through by the convention weight of his jobholders' organization, would be an unthinkable thing, doomed from the start. If this is so—and I do not believe there is much dispute about it—it is absurd to talk about Mr. Roosevelt and a third term. Because if there is an obvious and quite certain political fact at this time, it is that there is no possibility of Mr. Roosevelt being drafted. That state of party harmony which existed in the Democratic convention of 1936 has completely disappeared, and no experienced political observer believes that, so far as Mr. Roosevelt is concerned, it will return. In that convention there were antagonistic delegates, wholly out of sympathy with the President personally and deeply distrustful of his policies; but the futility of opposition kept them quiet before the convention and in line during the campaign. The inevitability of a sitting President's renomination for the second term is almost as completely accepted in

American politics as the impossibility of the third term.

In 1936, besides this power, there was behind Mr. Roosevelt an undoubtedly strong public sentiment. During the campaign this sentiment, along with the lack of an alternative attractive to the anti-New-Deal Democrats, the immense Relief vote, and the President's class appeal, enabled him to achieve a great victory. Yet even then, at the top of his popularity and with everything in his favor, there were seventeen million who voted against him. It will be conceded that these constituted the irreducible minimum; a solid, implacable army the hostility of which will remain undiluted by defeat. It was agreed too, after his second inauguration, that it was impossible for a man to have more power or greater popularity than Mr. Roosevelt seemed to possess at that time. There were those who then observed that when a man has reached the peak of Mt. Everest there is but one way for him to go—and that is down. In the light of what followed, this seemed more or less clairvoyant, but it was an easy prophecy to make. Clearly, no such popularity could last, particularly in a period when the Santa Claus game obviously was going to be no longer possible and the fed-

eral spigots would have to be turned off to avert disaster.

No one foresaw, however, that Mr. Roosevelt personally, through his effort to pack the Supreme Court, would deal his prestige its worst blow and bring upon himself in the regular session of Congress a defeat more complete than that ever sustained by any other President with his own party in control of both House and Senate. In that session Mr. Roosevelt made an attempt to seize the Court, the independence of which is not only fundamental in our form of government but traditionally dear to the people. As a result, his complete program collapsed. Nearly a third of the Democratic Senators were in open rebellion against his authority. Before the close an acknowledged breach existed between him and the Vice-President; his reputation for invincibility was gone, and even his most ardent friends agreed he had made a serious blunder, the effect of which was enhanced by the degrading appointment of Klansman Hugo Black. Now, no President can do things of that sort and not be damaged. The Democratic Committee propaganda alleging that his personal popularity remained unimpaired does not alter the fact. If there had been no distaste for his

policies and no resentment at the direction in which he had been taking the country, the Court battle, coupled with such extraordinary proposals as contained in his Departmental Reorganization bill, would have pulled him off his pedestal. Combined, they not only did that — they created a party split bound to extend into 1940.

The opposition, led by such men as Wheeler of Montana, Burke of Nebraska, Byrd of Virginia, Tydings of Maryland, Clark of Missouri, Bailey of North Carolina, and others, not only makes any such thing as drafting Mr. Roosevelt out of the question, but also renders it uncertain whether he can name his successor. In this connection, it is significant that, while Governor Earle of Pennsylvania, and one or two others with Presidential aspirations realizable only through Roosevelt backing, have endorsed him for a third term, eight Democratic State chairmen, and more than one Southern Democratic Senator, all professing personal friendship, have gone on record as believing it would be a mistake. The whole point here is that anything remotely resembling an united and unanimous party demand for Mr. Roosevelt in 1940 is manifestly impossible, and that without that kind of party demand,

no clear-headed person thinks for a moment he could smash the Washington tradition.

There are two other points, perhaps not as big, but nevertheless important. One is that Mr. Roosevelt, by centralizing authority in his own hands, has given more substance to the charge that he seeks dictatorial power than any other President ever gave. A third nomination, whether secured by draft or force, would greatly accenuate the acuteness of the dictatorship issue. Personally, I reject the idea that Mr. Roosevelt consciously schemes to become a dictator. Nevertheless, any effort to acquire a third term would lend color to the charge, justify his enemies within the party as well as without. On such an issue the party tie, which held so many anti-New-Deal Democrats in line last time, would be completely dissolved.

The other point is that by all the laws of probability Mr. Roosevelt will be far weaker in 1940 than he is now. No fair-minded man can review the events of the past year and regard the situation in the present session of Congress without subscribing to that statement. It is not only the accumulation of enemies, inevitable after eight turbulent years in office, but also the clarity with which it is now appar-

ent that by 1940, payment of the huge bill for the New Deal experiments will be pinching the people generally. That has already begun. The President, himself, has called a halt on spending, and with obvious reluctance begun the difficult job of retrenchment. Faced by hard economic realities, Congress clearly is in no mood to continue the lump-sum appropriations which for four years it has been giving Mr. Roosevelt and which have been one of his greatest political assets. The lump-sum-appropriation days are over, and so, too, are the rubber-stamp Congresses, eager to do the Presidential bidding, convinced of his unshakable hold on the people. These things are too plain to need proof. I know all the arguments about the irresistible power of the Farley machine and of the mass weight of the Relief, labor, negro, and farm votes. I know, too, how impressive still seems that 1936 victory with its forty-six States and eleven million plurality. But the fact remains that, when the solid Democratic South is considered, it was not so great a landslide as either the Harding election of 1920 or the Coolidge avalanche of 1924. It would not need a change of five-and-a-half million votes to wipe out the Roosevelt electoral college

majority: a change of less than two million in a dozen big debatable States would do it. The actual percentage of the vote which would have to be shifted to obtain a different result is really small.

Summing up these arguments — political, personal, traditional, historic — and considering the situation as a whole, it seems to me that any belief in a third term for Mr. Roosevelt must be founded on hope that the following things will occur:

First, that he will recover control over Congress and be able again to get what he wants the way he wants it.

Second, that he will be able to suppress, eliminate, or reconcile all the rebellious Democratic Senators who are openly opposing his policies and who distrust him personally.

Third, that he will be able to get a third nomination from an unanimous convention with every appearance of being genuinely drafted.

Fourth, that nothing unforeseen

will occur between now and 1940 to impair further his prestige or diminish his popularity.

Fifth, that there will exist in 1940 such an emergency in the nation as to make it appear dangerous to change Presidents, and thus justify disregarding the dictatorship issue and smashing a precedent established 150 years ago and deeply cherished by the people.

I do not think that any detached and informed observer can believe that all these conditions will be met in 1940 — and it must be conceded that they are all essential. What it all adds up to is this: like his predecessors, noted by Admiral Grayson, Mr. Roosevelt will leave the White House three years from this January with a smile on his lips and a keen nostalgic pain that will stay with him as long as he lives.

Barring the almost impossible combination of a great national crisis, a super-President, and an election year, there will be in this country no third term while our present political system survives.



HAVE YOU HAD YOUR APPENDIX OUT?

BY MARTIN O. GANNETT

IN GERMANY it's the duelling scar, in darkest Africa it's the pierced nose or the split lip, but in these United States the insignia of caste is the right paramedian scar. Ten million Americans sport this souvenir of appendectomy; the performance of the operation represents an item in the national economy that compares with the major industries; some 2000 *appendices vermiformes* are this very day, as every day, leaving their natural habitat. And in certain cases — God alone knows how many — the operation is necessary.

Periodically, and everlastingly, therapeutic fads sweep this credulous country. Did someone discover that abscessed tooth-sockets are the source of joint disorders? They really are — occasionally; but, oh, the millions and millions of sound teeth sacrificed while the fashion lasted — and for anything from gout to dementia praecox. Is it good practice to remove diseased tonsils when they appear to maintain chronic infection elsewhere in the body? Certainly; but all over

the Union, inoffensive tonsils by the thousand are clipped for the reason that they have not been clipped before. Is prontosil effective in combating certain streptococcus infections? Apparently it has done good in selected cases, where the patients could stand the drug; but it is currently and on a truly American scale being given for everything that will raise your temperature to 99° or over. And it is the same with appendicitis.

In the beginning there was a bellyache, and life was simple for the sons of Esculapius. In the old days, the family doctor might lance a carbuncle, or set a broken leg, or leave incense for your "asthmy". But an inflamed bowel, like bank failure or too many children, was manifestly the will of God, and not something for man to meddle with. The peritoneal cavity remained inviolate, as safe from the surgeon's tampering as was the soul from the delving of a psychiatrist. There was, then, appendicitis in the land; but neither the disease nor the name had come to light. You got

better and lived to die of something reasonable; or you ignored the belladonna plasters and sulphur decoctions, the arrowroot poultices and the turpentine stupes, and went to Glory. The death certificate called it perhaps acute indigestion or "natural causes", or if you were closer to the springs of learning, it may have been colitis or perityphlitis. The newer scientific terminology had not yet arrived.

But soon it put in its dazzling appearance — Acute Appendicitis, a euphonious and mouthfilling name; a disease deadly, yet permanently eradicable through a spectacular assault on the patient's viscera; a disease in which the offending member could be excised bodily and triumphantly presented to the victim — the visible, palpable blemish, conveniently pickled in a glass jar for future reference and the envious edification of the whole-skinned.

It was a lusty and thriving infant, this newcomer among man's ills. In something over a generation since its birth, it has eclipsed all its seniors in popular favor, in ubiquitousness, in volume of publicity, and as a source of income to medical practitioners. Fortunes were amassed, world-reputations were acquired, surgical dynasties established in the early boom

times when the ailment was first recognized as a good thing. Today it is still bread and caviar to anyone with a license and the nerve to hold a knife. It is country home, a liveried chauffeur, and yacht-club membership to the élite of the surgical brotherhood.

II

Appendicitis has become, like no other disease, the pet of every organ of enlightenment and blah. The radio, through innumerable discourses by selfless practitioners (whose address and office hours are available upon request), spreads the gospel to every hamlet. The newspapers, from editorial page to Sunday supplement, stint no space in ballyhooing each new wrinkle in treatment and diagnosis. Board of Health releases, in pamphlets, on subway cards, in letters to parents of school children, urge the deadliness of the bellyache and nourish appendicitis-consciousness. Better advertised than other afflictions, the ailment has become the special favorite of the hypochondriac who cannot graduate to the more exclusive ailments until his appendix is out. Amateur diagnostics flourishes wherever the populace is literate enough to absorb the undigested and mutilated medical

lore dished out gratis by the press.

"Doc," says the patient in answer to your first question, "it's my appendix", and the Lord cherish his neighbors if he should happen to be right. A lurid tabloid editorializes indignantly over an ambulance intern's failure to diagnose appendicitis in a child. "A blacksmith could have put his finger on the McBurney point and made the diagnosis." As simple as that for a blacksmith. How much more so, presumably, for the milkman, the traffic cop, the drug-clerk, the college boy next door?

This much is known: appendicitis is an inflammation of the thin, worm-like, blind-pocket offshoot at the junction of the small and large intestines. The dark veil which to this day envelops the underlying causes of this catastrophic inflammation, however, has stimulated some free and fancy speculating. Would you preserve your appendix from infection? Then beware of huckleberries, don't swallow your chewing-gum, sleep only on your left side, have your spine adjusted, spit out the cherry pits, sleep only on your right side, become a vegetarian, avoid nervous stress, Alkalize. Well, it is undoubtedly the blind-pocket structure of the appendix which gives its four inches star-billing over twenty-five feet of

intestine as the prime site of trouble; but why, with every taxpayer harboring the same anatomic peculiarity, the man upstairs is stricken while you are immune — on that there remains, after all the years, a many-voiced ignorance.

The trouble in most cases starts when the narrow tubular hollow of the appendix becomes occluded by either a swallowed foreign body or a concretion of intestinal contents. Should the appendiceal wall be pressed on tightly enough, the blood circulation to the blind pouch beyond the point of occlusion is interfered with, and the viability and resistance to infection of the wall is impaired. The rapidly developing consequences may be transient inflammation of the appendiceal wall, abscess formation, or gangrene and perforation with spilling of infective contents into the abdominal cavity. The particular line of development depends on the degree of obstruction, on the virulence of the invading bugs, on the rapidity of onset, on the administration of drugs which produce violent intestinal activity and so multiply the chances for perforation.

A full-blown gangrenous appendix, leaking pus into the peritoneal cavity, is certainly short of a blessing, and the thoroughly sound

policy has developed of "going in" early when once the diagnosis is made (mortality two to five per cent), and so forestalling perforation and widespread peritonitis (mortality fifty per cent). Yet it is just here that a dark form becomes discernible in the woodpile. For where hesitation in diagnosing acute appendicitis carries deadly potentialities, the responsibility for postponing operation is not one your doctor likes to carry on an empty stomach. Even in the best-manned hospitals, therefore, a number of innocent appendices are removed every year in deliberate preference to allowing guilty ones to escape.

But in the vast medical hinterland, this policy has been expanded to include almost any misery from the ribs down. The country doctor, originally the most conservative when it came to abdominal surgery, has mastered in the post-war years the fairly standardized technique of appendectomy; but his diagnostic technique too often is still 1906. His sins of commission now outnumber by far his former sins of omission. In the cities, the charity hospitals are devoted in part to the training of internes, and the attending surgeons don't stickle unduly over diagnosis when the house surgeon is short of his opera-

tive quota. (Pretty fine-looking appendix, eh, Nelson? Yes, sir, looks normal to me. Well, no harm done, my boy.) The total is added to by the group of specialists in gynecology, obstetrics, and genito-urinary diseases who cannot enter the belly for any reason without incidentally detaching as a souvenir the unoffending appendix.

What makes all this free-wheeling vivisection possible is the almost complete disappearance in our time of resistance to surgery. Going under the knife is now pretty much in a class with having a tooth pulled. The fear of death in the face of an operation, the will-making and farewells that the prospect of surgery brought on in the past, are now a matter for jest. The patient knows too many survivors and has been too long indoctrinated with the magic infallibility of Science. And so the number of appendectomies grows year by year and is greatest where diagnostic discrimination is least. A recent survey by a major insurance company concludes: "The mortality from appendicitis is today much higher among us than it was a quarter of a century ago." And this after fully allowing for increase in reportage of cases. Another nationwide statistical study cites ". . . the paradox of a decreasing operative

mortality and a rising total appendicitis death-rate". The answer stands large. Fewer are dying of being operated on, but many, many more are coming to operation—too many needlessly.

III

More than any other nation, we are quick on the draw. Per unit of population, we remove more appendices, gall-bladders, hemorrhoids, adenoids; we do more Caesarian sections, take out more ovaries and Fallopian tubes than anyone else. Especially appendices. It's difficult and time-consuming to establish the diagnosis of typhoid fever or of a syphilitic gastric crisis. But it's easy to snatch the appendix. So we remove appendices for typhoid, for pneumonia, for kidney stone, for an overdose of green apples. The name appendicitis has even sprouted a number of euphemistic connotations. Having your appendix out is anything from having an irrelevant baby discreetly to being separated from a gonorrheal Fallopian tube. The latter has finally earned—through its frequency—an unofficial classification of its own: The Broadway Appendix.

Inflamed by the *fervor operandi* and the true spirit of mass produc-

tion, some of our more visionary surgeons have lately gone stumping for universal appendectomy as a prophylactic measure. Something like vaccinating the whole population. Their arguments are all good arguments, and eminently scientific:

1. You cannot have appendicitis when you haven't an appendix.

2. Appendicitis is an ever-lurking danger, and how can you be sure it won't strike while you're in the Gobi Desert or Passaic, N. J.?

3. The appendix serves no particular physiologic purpose.

There is, however, one argument no one has brought forward: there would be 130,000,000 appendices to take out. And an unlimited future supply.

Perhaps it is their ability to afford the expense, but the fact is that our best people, our top cream, are the commonest victims of the dread malady. There are families where in the past generation more appendices have been delivered than babies. And it is not the acute form of appendicitis that befalls them so often, but that vague, sprawling catch-all, that grab-bag for everything from constipation to boredom—chronic appendicitis. Here the surgery-resistance is worn flat. Among the less-sophisticated, "freezing the appendix" is still oc-

casionaly resorted to, even though this is merely preliminary, a shame-faced concession to the outmoded reluctance to be operated on. But our more enlightened citizens hold such primitive measures in contempt. They merely do a little hectic shopping around among the available specialists, then take the ether happily. In the penthouse coterie this shopping is important — the name of your surgeon is just as significant in placing you socially as the label on your fur coat. “I had mine done by Berg”, bespeaks a degree of exclusiveness recognizable everywhere.

The survivors, growing in numbers daily, permeate all classes, every walk of life. At the bar and in the office, in the club locker-room and on the beach sands, around the bridge table and on the fire-escapes — wherever veterans foregather, you hear the amazingly glib patter about adhesions, ruptured appendices, time under ether, the relative merits of spinal and gas anesthesia. Listen to a group of guests arguing the size of their appendices, and they are no different from a bunch of fishermen recollecting in tranquillity, or the boys at the pool parlor comparing pubic inches. The size of the scar, the duration of drainage, the number of stitches,

the volume and duration of vomiting, the bitch of a nurse and the heavenly intern who should be in the movies (vice versa with males) — these are the basic stock for endless variations on the theme: “When I had my appendix out.”

It’s a national institution — but fashions do change. Blood-letting was once the cure for all human ailments, and so was channel-swimming a sport. Already the distant clamor of oncoming competitors can be heard, all vying for popular interest — Hormones and Vitamins, Allergic Reactions, Fever Therapy. The man in the street and his girl friend are being diligently rehearsed in a charming familiarity with sulfanilamide, spermatoxins, and kindred mispronounceable beasts.

Perhaps when having your appendix removed is no longer a stimulating adventure, when it has finally been over-advertised into matter-of-factness, the appendix will join the lowly and unheralded tonsils in importance, and as a source of income. We may yet see the surgeons locking away their hemostats and scalpels, together with that splendid brusque arrogance, and turning to the shy mysteries of psychoanalysis. For after all, the rent *must* be paid.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE HAVE-NOT

By H. L. MENCKEN

OF THE Planned Economy that was to have brought the More Abundant Life to all Americans, however low-down, not much continues to glow and function at the end of the first lustrum save its central moral system. Virtually everything else has been bitched more or less by the implacable struggle for power among the planners, whose intelligence, though maybe not mountain high, is still high enough to prevent them being fooled by one another. The place to hear them slanged with real passion is not Wall Street, but Washington. There, wearing New Deal ribands, you will find gathered together all the real experts in the infamies of the New Dealers, beginning at the top. The town becomes a cauldron of criticism and counter-criticism comparable to the Greenwich Village of 1915. In order to be soothed by anything charitable and friendly about a given wizard, A, you must wait on that wizard himself, and even so the chances are that he will cut his *apologia* short, and devote the rest

of the séance to damning wizards B, C, D, and . . . *n*. In the horrible din of objurgation even self-praise has been half adjourned.

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to assume that these consecrated men lack any common inspiration or common goal. After all, they *do* manage to hang together, grouch or no grouch, and when men hang together it is scientific to look for an idea that all share, and if not an idea, then at least an hallucination. In the present case that organizing concept is certainly not hard to detect. It runs through each and every one of the multitudinous devices of the New Deal, and none other runs with it. Gushing from the White House, it engulfs all the wizards high and low, whatever their disparities and antagonisms otherwise, and then spreads out over the country, to fetch at last the remotest agents and beneficiaries of the More Abundant Life. It is, in brief, the doctrine that there is something ineradicably indecent, and even criminal, about getting on in the

world — that the only citizen of a free Republic who really deserves the countenance of authority is that one who lags behind his neighbors in whatever he happens to undertake, and is frankly envious of them, and believes in conscience that the government ought to throw all its awful powers into dragging them down to his level. Yet more briefly, it is the idea that the have-not is a better fellow, *ipso facto*, than the have.

If you will find me a New Deal project in which this notion is not implicit I'll be glad to submit to baptism by any Christian rite, however ignominious. And if you will find me a project embracing it which the wizards have not, at some time or other, tried to add to their arcanum I'll be glad to go on to confirmation and communion. It is the essence of their whole metaphysic, and if it were taken away they would have no metaphysic left. To be sure, they did not invent it, and neither have they any monopoly of it. In the form of hatred of the fellow having a bawdier, gaudier time we saw it in full glory in the days of Prohibition, and in the same form it engines and illuminates the common yap attitude toward city folk, at all times and everywhere. Even the narrowing of its application to the

economic sphere is not a New Deal novelty, for that was done nearly a century ago by the primeval Marx brother, Bunco. But the question whether it is new or old is, after all, irrelevant. The important thing, and the indubitable thing, is that the Washington wizards have elevated the notion of the superiority of the inferior to the dignity of a State Religion, and thereby upset, at least officially, the contrary doctrine that had flourished among us since the first settlements. If there was anything that marked off the typical American of the days before the current *Aufklärung* it was certainly his belief in and high veneration for worldly success. But now, if he would avoid being shoved into Hell with Lord Macaulay, Andy Mellon, Benjamin Franklin, William H. McGuffey, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and other such fallen angels, he must be prepared to admit that getting along and paying his own way are crimes against society, and that the mendicant riding on his back is a better man.

II

In theory, of course, this proscription of the competent runs only against those whose competence takes the form of florid money-

hogging, to wit, the so-called Economic Royalists. But that is theory only; in actuality, the chief victims, if only because of their enormously greater number, are persons in much lower income brackets. What happens when the Economic Royalists are shot at is precisely what happened in the Russian Utopia when the *kulaks* were shot at. The bullet that the Marxian idealists aimed there at a forty-cow farmer presently hit a ten-cow farmer, and then bounced off to nick a one-cow farmer, and finally landed in the gizzard of a no-cow farmer. In other words, what began as a holy war against rich and insatiable farmers soon turned into a war against all farmers, and in the end there were no more farms in Russia, but only a series of State sweatshops, with Simon Legrees from Moscow cracking their whips over vast chain-gangs of slaves.

The likeness of this instructive phenomenon to the course of the New Deal must be manifest. One example will be enough. I point to the grandiose congeries of imbecilities known as the TVA. Its ostensible purpose is to supply the hinds of the Tennessee Valley with cheap electric power, and so make them fat, rich, and happy; its actual purpose is to bust the Southern power companies. Well, what will be the

effect of busting them, supposing it to be achieved? The first effect, obviously, will be to turn loose upon the country a gang of Economic Royalists full of bile, and with such salvage as they have been able to carry off from the wreck — maybe not much, but enough, you may be sure, to stake them for fresh forays, for they have had plenty of warning, and know a falling market when they see it. The second, and immensely more important effect, will be to squeeze and loot every investor who put his honest and hard-earned money into the power companies.

Who are these investors? You will find them everywhere in the country, but you will find them especially in the South. Some of them forked up their money directly, and have stocks or bonds to show for it. Others entrusted it to insurance companies or deposited it in savings-banks, with the officers thereof holding the papers. But whether they forked it up directly or handed it over to agents, they will lose a large part of it, or maybe all of it, when the companies are at last brought to ruin. What this money represents is surely plain enough. It represents the savings of all those Southerners who have worked hard at their various avocations, lived within

their means, and laid by something for a rainy day. It is a large moiety of the diligently and honestly accumulated wealth of the whole region. Once it is destroyed, those who earned it will be brought down to the level of the TVA's clients, which is to say, to the level of persons who must look for security, not to work and thrift, but to the stealings of politicians.

I have said that the actual purpose of the TVA is to bust the Southern power companies. That purpose was concealed at the start by a barrage of tall talk, but it is now too palpable to be denied. The rest is only by-product, some of it more or less defensible in reason, but most of it clearly not. The same motive runs through the whole New Deal, and very few of its departments show anything else. The origins of this implacable hatred of all successful enterprise I leave to the Freudians, and content myself with pointing to the fact. There is only one sin in the moral code of the wizards and that is the sin of getting on. The sharecropper is a better man than the farmer who tills his own land, and among the farmers who till their own land the only ones not downright felonious are those who have mortgages on it, and are in default on interest and principal.

The thing goes to fantastic lengths. In the Labor field all the rooting of the wizards, with the immense power of the Federal Government behind them, is in favor of the machine-line robot and against the man who knows and practices an honest and useful trade. The latter is a villain (in the A.F. of L.) for refusing to carry the former on his back (in the CIO). Competence, diligence, experience, skill—these things no longer count in reckoning up the value and dignity of a working man; he has done enough for his living, by the New Deal standard, if he can stand in line six or seven hours, and go through a few simian motions, and maintain a sufficient hatred of his boss and his job.

So on more refined and esoteric levels. How much of the taxpayers' money has been spent to date in fostering the national letters I don't know, but certainly it must run to many millions. I have yet to hear of a nickel going to any actual author. All the money has been poured out to quacks and yearners of the sort who used to hang about Greenwich Village, and then flocked to the Left Bank to concoct masterpieces that never came off, and then flocked back to write for the pink weeklies and go on the dole. The only visible test of

talent here is the standard New Deal test of virtue: a firm conviction that any man smart enough and industrious enough to make a decent living is a public enemy. Add a whoop for Moscow, and you are on the payroll. The net product is a mass of rubbish, full of the puerile Radicalism that is bred of bad beer. Even after grammarians hired for the purpose have clawed it into something vaguely resembling English, it lingers on the level of high-school essays and pulp fiction. The bedbug intelligentsia, to be sure, praise it as better than Pater, but so do they praise the crude daubs, all showing Lenin in a halo, that are paid for by the taxpayer under the name of "murals". These "murals", shipped to dingy towns to adorn the local courthouses and city halls, are commonly denounced as insults to the flag by the yaps, who prefer *Washington Crossing the Delaware*. But even when they are shipped back covered with indignant inscriptions, the taxpayer gets no rebate.

The sciences, I gather, are to follow anon. It already appears, indeed, that the only doctors worthy of faith and credit are those who have no patients: the rest are exploiters of the downtrodden, and are to be brought under the control of Hopkins uplifters and Farley

politicians. In the end, as in Russia, only incurable proletarians will be admitted to the medical schools, and Gray's *Anatomy* will be displaced by Ayer's *Almanac* and the *New Republic*.

III

After five years of this sort of buffoonery the net results begin to show themselves. They are, save in one particular, very meager, and indeed almost imaginary. Something on the order of twenty billions of money has been thrown away, the taxpayer has been saddled with a horde of more than a million jobholders, and a thousand new sure cures for all the sorrows of humanity have been shoved down the public gullet, but all the malaises that afflicted American society when the show began are still going on in full blast. The farmers, succored semi-annually since 1933, continue to bellow for more help; the working men of the cities, rescued from Economic Royalists, have been handed over to labor racketeers; business, slowly recovering in spite of all the quackery, has been put back again; and the savings of the country, reduced in large part by expropriation, have been proscribed and imperiled as to the remainder. The

Roosevelt Administration began with the country in trouble, but holding the means in hand for getting out, and with the spirit to make the attempt. Five years of demagoguery have left it still in trouble, but with its hands tied and its spirit beginning to peter out. The one indubitable accomplishment of the reigning mountebanks is the one I began with—the propagation of the great moral dogma that the worth and honor of a citizen runs in inverse proportion to his competence, industry, and thrift—that the special glory of the Republic is the noble fellow who is congenitally unfit for the struggle for existence, and must be kept alive by constant transfusions from his fitter neighbor.

There is nothing else to the New Deal that can be pinned down, identified, subjected to scientific examination. For the rest it is simply an amorphous agglomeration of discordant hooeys, some of them showing a specious color of plausibility, but the majority as obviously irrational as spiritualism, the Marxian dialectic, or Christian Science. Its humors I do not deny. They have been gaudy, and, for one, I have enjoyed them immensely. If it be true, as I have often argued, that the prime function of government is to entertain, then govern-

ment by bogus experts is plainly a roaring success. To be sure, there are some bad showmen in the Washington outfit—for example, Ickes, Ma Perkins, and Cordell Hull—but their ineptitudes have been more than counterbalanced by the feats of indubitable virtuosi—for example, Wallace, Hopkins, Jim Farley, John L. Lewis, and Hugo Black. The appointment of Hugo to the Supreme Court gave me joy of a kind that is rare in this world, and his subsequent squirmings and tergiversations damn nigh made me bust. There will be no better show on earth until a volcano lets go under New York.

The future? I see no prospect of immediate or near change, even by catastrophe. A foreign war would make the New Deal sorcerers safe in the saddle until its end, which might be years off, and another Depression would only set them to saving us all over again. The Hon. Mr. Roosevelt himself appears to be secure until the money gives out—or he is induced by conscience, or sober second thought, or something else of that unpleasant character to seek what the Salvation Army calls the penitent-form. Neither of these things is likely, at least at the present writing. The federal debt is still below forty billions, and it will not begin

to impede further borrowing until it goes well beyond fifty. My guess is that the right hon. gentleman will be re-elected triumphantly in 1940, and maybe again in 1944. If he ever begins to hint that he chooses not to run, it will be no more than a sign that he believes the jig is up — and has better dope on the subject than the rest of us. Otherwise, he will undoubtedly go on from prodigy to prodigy, saving fresh millions of the lowly every year, and continuing his radio crooning for the New Deal moral system.

The ultimate issue I do not undertake to prognosticate. All that is now discernible is that the productive workers of the United States will earn and pay the cost in the long run. The actual Economic Royalists look to be safe enough. They serve admirably as bugaboos, but so far they have not been hurt seriously, and I assume that they will dodge as adroitly hereafter as they do now. Even in the midst of what has appeared superficially to be bloody and relentless war upon them, their dividends have increased much faster than wages. They have arranged a long series of eider-down mattresses to fall on, and the Washington wizards, despite a herculean effort, seem to be quite unable to substitute harrows.

The true goats will be those millions of assiduous, laborious, and no doubt unimaginative and commonplace Americanos who work hard every day at something socially useful, and try to pay their own way, and ask only to be let alone. They include the overwhelming majority of mechanics and artificers, and the overwhelming majority of professional men, with maybe the lawyers and pedagogues excluded. They even include a formidable minority of farmers, not all of whom are crybabies and panhandlers, by any means. These sedulous persons are paying the bills now, and will pay them hereafter. The *lazzaroni* of all sorts, from the stock speculators at the top to the sharecroppers and Communist playwrights at the bottom, all ride on their backs, and hanging to each pants leg is a jobholder.

Let them console themselves by reflecting that, by the New Deal moral theology, they are not only without rights but also without virtue. Rectitude, it appears, is a mendicant monopoly. But sinners are proverbially happy — a fact eternally baffling to moral theologians. Maybe these new ones, once they get used to it, will learn how to rejoice in their infamy like their predecessors.

RUSSIA PREPARES FOR WAR

BY THE MERCURY'S MOSCOW CORRESPONDENT¹

Moscow. (*Uncensored*) — Any one who has read pre-revolutionary novels knows that political disputation was once the great indoor sport here. By now it is practically a lost art in what is still called euphemistically the “new” Russia. Not, mind you, disputation as such, for Russians are ready as ever to debate “safe” questions with old-fashioned vehemence; but argument on subjects even remotely political and on which, therefore, there can, in the nature of things Soviet, be only one opinion. This limits the scope for exercise of the ancient talent most lamentably, there being always fewer matters on which independent views are tolerated. The contents of local newspapers, having been filtered through multiple censorships before publication, are obviously beyond the pale of disputation. Even the fine arts are hazardous conversational domain: one might inadvertently praise a playwright or

composer or literary trend blemished with Trotskyism or some other political eczema. As to affairs more directly relevant to the policies, personalities, and obsessions of the holy Kremlin family, only Soviet citizens with suicidal complexes would dare touch upon them except in the privacy of their own minds, and then with serious misgivings. The answer to every political or near-political question, like the verdict in every political trial, is prescribed in advance; this makes discussion and speculation not only superfluous but, more to the point, dangerous.

The zenith of fantasy is to imagine a group of Russians arguing the probable outcome of the coming war, or the likely fate of incarcerated Old Bolsheviks like Nikolai Bukharin and Alexei Rykov; whether the breakneck tempo of the Five-Year Plans was worthwhile, or what the Third International is coming to; the degree of guilt of the generals and commissars and lesser mortals recently shot by Stalin, or other such things.

¹ THE MERCURY will, from time to time, present dispatches from this correspondent. For most obvious reasons, his name cannot be made public.

But these questions are the staples of dinner and bridge-table conversation in Moscow's foreign colony. Europeans and Americans, it would seem, have taken over the outlawed pleasures of political argument and indulge in them at length. The right to discuss serious affairs with impunity, indeed, sets the foreigners off from the natives more sharply than their looks or their language, and thus gives its exercise a special zest. It is the largest of the many compensations for our social isolation, which, incidentally, is becoming more rigid every day. More than at any time since the fall of the Czars, it is now dangerous for a Soviet citizen to associate with outsiders; he should be examined for lunacy if he does so without being commanded. Cut off from direct contact with the natives, the foreign contingents, diplomats, correspondents, engineers, salesmen, are driven in upon themselves, and Russia — past, present, and future — is the inexhaustible theme of their talk. Many of them have been eye-witnesses of the course of the revolution from its start; all of them have access to unofficial sources of information from which Russians are barred; few of them but have a fuller, calmer, and less inhibited view of the country's affairs than the badgered, censored,

decree-ridden, propagandized, misinformed, and terrorized natives.

The question most often raised in these extra-territorial discussions is whether the panicky speed and harsh methods of industrializing the country and collectivizing its farming in the last decade were justified. The subject is especially pertinent now, considering events in the Far East, on the Spanish peninsula, and in the Mediterranean. Because wherever a consideration of Stalin's "tempos" and technique of government may begin, it ends unavoidably with a consideration of the war danger and the country's ability to meet it.

Curiously, the fear of war is not nearly as keen among the common people here as it is, to the writer's knowledge, in many European countries. The war scare has been with them so long, so loud, so boringly, that Russians have become accustomed to the idea; they take their "capitalist encirclement" and all that it entails for granted. The Kremlin has shouted its warnings so persistently year after year that the masses are somewhat skeptical of the chronic threats, and certainly apathetic. The foreign colony, however, is aware that at this juncture the resounding cries of "Wolf! Wolf!" are more than a propaganda trick. They know that

the civil strife in Spain, the undeclared war in China, the tightening alliance of Mussolini, Hitler, and the Mikado, unquestionably confront the Soviet Government with the most critical situation since the defeat of intervention in 1921. They know that the People's Front in France and the international alliances based on it are not in as healthy a state as they might be; and that Great Britain is coquetting pretty obviously with the *Duce* and the *Führer*. Often we have doubted whether those in the Kremlin who sounded the war alarms were really alarmed—but this time there is no doubt.

The clinching excuse for Stalinism, therefore, sounds more convincing today than ever before in his sanguinary reign. That excuse, of course, is the need for military preparedness at any and all cost in sacrifice of life and liberty for the people, in elephantine brutalities and "liquidations", in concentration camps and forced labor, in fantastic terror and tyranny. The Five-Year Plans, when all is said and done, were war plans. They sacrificed the "light" industries catering to the everyday needs of the population for the "heavy" industries catering to the military needs of the State; they concentrated upon iron, steel, chemicals,

locomotives, tractors, airplanes, tanks, rather than leather, textiles, canned goods, paper, furniture. The Plans deliberately shifted the centers of the nation's economic life from vulnerable regions of European Russia to areas in the Urals and Western Siberia less exposed to foreign attack. Even the armies of slave labor mobilized by the OGPU contributed—and are still contributing—to the defensive capacity of the country; they have built strategic railroads, canals, deepened harbors, developed important chemical and mineral resources—things which could not have been achieved so quickly or so cheaply with relatively free labor. The bloody taming and callous exploitation of the peasants to pay for industrialization before industry could pay them back in manufactured goods was an essential part of the scheme, so that collectivization and its attendant horrors, too, were war measures.

And there is small doubt that technically the USSR is far better prepared to meet foreign foes than it was before the advent of the Stalin dynasty. Despite tragic breakdowns, periodic purgings of the higher industrial command, and endless evidence of fearful waste and inefficiency, Russia does have its own munitions industries.

It turns out airplanes almost as fast as a Detroit plant turns out motor-cars. Its communications system is greatly improved, particularly in the Far East. It possesses a brand-new chemical industry. At the same time it has trained a vast personnel for handling these new instrumentalities of power.

II

The argument, however, is by no means that simple. There are those, the writer included, who believe that the inhuman speeds and pressures and systematic cruelties of the Stalin years have rotted the human fiber of the Soviet Union, to an extent which no amount of iron and steel can repair. The morale of the country is shot to pieces. It is a cowed, embittered, passportized, debilitated, bewildered people who will be driven to war; a sullen people forced by twenty years of hardships to place personal survival above all other ideals and loyalties. The governing minority itself, the Communist Party, has been bled of its former enthusiasms and reduced to a lot of meek job-holders; it is foul with jealousies, intricate espionage, dreads, and hatreds.

That the Russian people accept the slaughter of national heroes,

founders of the new order, leaders of the Red Army, without demur, even with a certain inner glee, is bad enough; the ordinary peasant and worker have small cause to love Bolsheviks, old or new, and may be forgiven if they derive some sour satisfaction from the mutual destruction of their masters. That the Party rank-and-file and the Red Army accept the killing of their leaders and idols so placidly, so apathetically, is much worse. It betrays the breadth and the depth of the gulf separating the Soviet people, even those in uniform, even those with Party cards, from the ruling cliques.

Anti-Soviet newspapers in Warsaw, Riga, and London have been reporting alleged disorders in army barracks quenched in blood. The truth is much sadder: there have been no such reactions — apparently nothing but a blight of indifference. The army, like the Party, accepts the murder of its leaders and supposed heroes with a cynical calm that should spoil the sleep of the few still among the living, not excepting the most exalted of all; it shows the sort of popular support they may expect when their turn arrives. Today it's Tukhachevsky and Yakir and Yagoda; tomorrow it may be Voroshilov and Yezhov and Budenny;

the day after—who knows?—Stalin himself. The one certainty is that the country will continue to receive the news of liquidations with no more excitement than a bored shrug of the shoulders. Such political apathy, such distance of a citizenry from the fate of its rulers, amounts to moral bankruptcy for any state. (The prescribed resolutions being obediently adopted all over the country in approval of the butchery are too palpably fake to fool anyone but readers of *New York Times'* dispatches from Walter Duranty.)

The Kremlin dreads war and will go to any humiliating length to avoid it, despite the fact that it has a strong technical base for war-making, droves of fighting planes, a huge army, oceans of poisonous chemicals, great food reserves. Surely it cannot be suspected of pacifist or humanitarian taint, nor of self-abnegation. Neither does the excuse in vogue in the early 'Thirties—that the USSR needs peace at any price to industrialize itself—still hold good at the end of the Second Five-Year Plan. The simple truth is that it fears its own people far more than it fears outside enemies. Stalin is not blind to the risk of placing guns again in the hands of a disarmed peasantry should a general mobilization be-

come necessary. That peasantry has too many fresh wounds from the days of forcible collectivization and too many immediate grievances. And the proletariat, too, though probably more dependable, is still essentially peasant in its make-up and sympathies, besides having ample grievances of its own.

The Kremlin's hope, should war be forced upon it, lies in a concentrated, mechanized conflict of airplanes, tanks, poison gas, and a quick victory. A more protracted war, requiring wide mobilization of its subjects, would open the régime to internal dangers such as the Romanovs faced in 1905 and 1917. The one thing that the Soviet dictatorship will not willingly hazard is a test of the patriotism and loyalty of the Russian masses.

Against the impressive new physical equipment attained by speed and brutality we thus have the more impressive reality of a demoralized people and a government no longer able to conceal its distrust of its own army officers, its own ruling party, its own top-shelf leaders in every field. No matter how many more it executes, it cannot mop up its own shadow. Stalin recently placed civilian guards over his military commanders, just as Lenin and Trotsky did

during the civil wars when they had to depend on hated Czarist generals—as shocking a public acknowledgment as any government has ever made that it does not have faith in the loyalty of its army officers. But already a number of these civilian monitors, too, are in hot water. The Kremlin insists day after day that its country is honeycombed with spies, saboteurs, political bandits, Trotskyists, parasites, decayed social elements, hirelings of Japan and Germany, counter-revolutionaries, etc. It proclaims monotonously that every branch of the State organism and of economic life is rotten with treason, dishonesty, anti-Soviet plotting. Whether this be true or largely a phantasmagoria conjured up by an imagination disordered through fear, it must be placed in the scales of argument in estimating the defensive strength of the country. How will a nation in such a condition stand the shock of a foreign attack? What of its fighting stamina, its patriotic zeal, its ability to weather military reverses without turning on its overlords?

Military preparedness as the final apologia for the horrors of Stalin's reign becomes meaningless, if in building its war machine the Soviet dictatorship has crippled and alienated and embittered the

nation which must operate that machine. On the edge of war (as it seems at this writing) there is little of the flaming patriotism, the will to conquer, the intrinsic national unity which are as important in the final reckoning of a long-drawn war as tanks and planes.

Besides, Stalin's preparations against the war danger have already been as destructive of human life as war itself. In the previous dispatch the writer attempted to summarize the cost of Stalin's reign in human terms: the millions killed by the famine and destroyed through liquidations, the hordes executed outright or finished off more lingeringly in prison camps, exiles, through undernourishment and overwork. It is a cock-eyed logic, surely, which would justify preventive measures that are at least as disastrous to the population as the possible disaster which they are intended to prevent.

One more thing needs mentioning to round out the discussion. In the first half of its existence the Soviet régime counted, with good reason, upon the support of sections of the common people in other countries in the event of war. The Third or Communist International was a real force in the

world. Outside its ranks were millions more whose sympathies, in the final analysis, were with the first Proletarian State. The Communists were powerful in Germany; the Social Democracy in Austria was on the whole pro-Soviet; Fascism was only embryonic in Germany, France, and other countries. In the second half, following the advent of Stalin, the strength quickly ebbed from the body of the Communist International, shattered by repeated cleansings and drained of all vitality by the Kremlin's authoritarian methods. As Fascist-Nationalist notions gained the upper hand in the Soviet Union, the International became more clearly a helpless and rather ludicrous accessory of the Soviet State. It lost in numbers and influence, was hamstrung by Moscow policies in such feeble efforts as it made to stem the tide of Fascism. Hitler conquered Germany. Dollfuss wiped out the Vienna Socialists. The Spanish revolution degenerated into the present horror. Without trying to calculate the exact share of Stalinism in the triumph of reaction in Germany and other parts of Europe, no one but a hide-bound Stalinist would deny that Soviet policy in relation to the world revolutionary movement did contribute greatly

to that triumph. In fact, the belated change of policy after Hitler's accession is an implied admission of responsibility by the Kremlin itself. More than that: neither censorship nor organized propaganda could keep the facts of conditions in Russia indefinitely from sympathizers abroad, and that sympathy waned, often turning to hostility. The Soviet terror and the sufferings of the Russian people gave Fascist movements abroad their most effective ammunition for propaganda and for self-justification. In short, the item of proletarian support abroad, particularly behind the enemy lines, may be safely stricken from the list of Soviet claims of strength. The claim is still made, but no one in his senses, least of all in the vicinity of the Kremlin, takes it seriously.

Thus the appraisal of this country's strength and weakness as the war draws nearer is made these long Winter evenings in Moscow wherever foreigners meet. How Russians make that appraisal in their uncensored minds we can only guess. One diplomat of a neighboring country here, knowing the Russian language and knowing the Russia of pre-revolutionary days, insists that the peasants are praying for war as their only avenue of release.

WHEN SULLIVAN KAYOED KILRAIN

BY OLAND D. RUSSELL

ON THE morning of July 7, 1889, John L. Sullivan rose from a creaking bed in a Rampart Street boarding house in New Orleans and ate for breakfast a seven-pound sea bass, five soft-boiled eggs, a half-loaf of graham bread, a half-dozen tomatoes, and drank a cup of tea. For lunch he had a small steak, two slices of stale bread, and a bottle of Bass' ale. For dinner he ate three chickens with rice, Creole style, and another half-loaf of graham bread dunked in chicken broth.

The next afternoon, under a broiling Mississippi sun with the temperature at 107, in the forty-fourth round of a prizefight, John L. began to vomit. "Will you draw the fight?" asked his opponent, Jake Kilrain, as they came up to scratch. "No, you son of a bitch," said Sullivan, heaving fluidly in the general direction of Jake. "Stand up and fight!" Jake stood up, and stepped on John's foot with his three-eighth-inch spikes and Sullivan sent him sprawling with a chopping, sledge-

hammer blow on the jugular vein. John L. went on to win—in the seventy-fifth round.

It was not only the last bare-knuckle fight of any consequence in America, but it was the last set-to in a prize ring that bore any great resemblance to the ordinary meaning of the word *fight*. The exhibitions of our modern cellophaned professionals are a veritable travesty on the good old Anglo-Saxon word. Nowadays, boxers come together with yards of tape about their hands, topped off by cushioned gloves, wearing rubber mouth-protectors, elastic bands, cold creams, lubricants, and fragrant hair tonics. In their corners are small staffs of pharmacutists, advisers, scouts, and towel-swingers equipped with assorted stimulants, restoratives, and other articles of *materia medica*. For fanciful sums the "fighters" are engaged to go ten or fifteen three-minute rounds with one minute of rest between. If either contestant has so much as a slight cold, hangnails, or a stone-bruise on the left shin,

the fight is postponed, that being an easy matter since there is often nothing but the best of good feeling between the principals.

The Sullivan-Kilrain fight lasted two hours, sixteen minutes, and five seconds. There were thirty-second rests between rounds, which meant there was one hour and forty minutes of actual fighting — as compared with the forty-five minutes of modern, fifteen-round heavyweight matches. Under the London rules, a round ended when one fighter went down, that is, one knee and one hand touching the ground, or both knees. It is true that under those rules fighters frequently went down to end the round for a timely rest, but the rules expressly stated that “if either man throws himself down wilfully without receiving a blow he shall be deemed to have lost the battle”. There was always the risk of being disqualified if a man purposely shortened the round. Most of the Sullivan-Kilrain rounds were under one minute, but the fourth — the longest — went fifteen minutes and twenty-one seconds.

II

Jake Kilrain, born in Green Point, New York, grew up in Somerville,

Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston whose prize rings and bars had produced Sullivan. The early years of his roustabout career established his reputation as a fighter; and by the time the 'Eighties rolled around, Jake had reached a position of eminence in the boxing world. In 1887, he had fought Jem Smith, the British heavyweight champion, 106 rounds in a snow-covered turf ring at Isle de Souverains, France. Seventy-five spectators shivered through nearly three hours of freezing weather to watch the fight until it was called by darkness. Returning from Europe in a blaze of glory, Kilrain challenged Sullivan for a world's championship fight.

The two had been mortal enemies in their early ring days around Boston and the feud was heightened when Richard K. Fox, owner of the *Police Gazette*, failed to get control of Sullivan and took on Kilrain instead, together with Billy Madden, Sullivan's old trainer. Sullivan accepted Kilrain's challenge, and Bud Renaud, a wild gambler of a wild era, signed the two for a fight at New Orleans for \$10,000 a side, winner-take-all stake, and a gaudy belt representing the world's championship.

There was an extraordinary build-up for the fight. For weeks

beforehand it was page-one news in New York papers. The *Evening World* conducted a postcard ballot along the lines of the *Literary Digest's* presidential ballots of later years. The result announced the day before the fight was: "Sullivan, 2419, Kilrain, 641, draw, 37, and 'fizzle', 34." The trip to New Orleans from the East was covered in detail by a corps of correspondents who rode the special trains of the fighters. Sullivan's train, which left from Rochester, New York, consisted of a parlor coach with rococo decorations, two chair cars, and a baggage car fitted up as a "gymnasium". The "gymnasium" boasted a punching bag, a few dumbbells and Indian clubs, but instead of training, John L. spent his time rubbing his hands and face with a pickle in the belief that the brine would toughen his skin.

Both fighters arrived in New Orleans only a few days ahead of the scheduled date of the fight, and immediately ran into legal difficulties. Most States had laws against bare-knuckle bouts, and there was a show of enforcement that amounted sometimes to more than pretense. On his way through Mississippi, Sullivan evaded the posse of an ambitious sheriff at Meridian. Having been tipped off,

Sullivan's handlers changed to a fast locomotive and the fight special high-tailed through town, leaving the sheriff and his fifteen deputies gaping on the station platform. In New Orleans, the Governor had ordered out a full company of the Louisiana Rifles, and the soldiers in full field equipment maneuvered all about, having vague orders to prevent the fight. When word got around that the bout might be shifted to Texas, the governor of that State did a public fandango, and privately wired for tickets.

The result was that no one knew the day before where the fight would be held. Sullivan had been installed at the old Spanish Fort, but was moved, under protest, to the Rampart Street boarding house when several dozen cases of malaria were discovered in the vicinity of the Fort. Kilrain put up at the Southern Athletic Club. Tickets were sold with the provision that purchasers would be informed privately the night before the fight where it would come off.

The promoters finally picked Richburg, Mississippi, a small lumber town 104 miles northeast of New Orleans. The twenty-four-foot turf ring was secretly constructed on July 7 and crude seats were erected for 1500 spectators.

The top price for seats at the ring-side was \$10.

There was a lively exodus that night from New Orleans on all available freights and passenger trains. Those who couldn't get accommodations directly to Richburg, took trains on other lines in the general direction of the town and trusted to luck. Steve Brodie, who had leaped off Brooklyn Bridge, further distinguished himself by leaping off a fast freight fifteen miles from the battleground.

By 3 P.M. of July 8, all were on hand at the ring. As Sullivan stripped down to his drawers in his corner, he confided in his bull-like roar: "I won't whip him quick, but I'll whip him well."

Just before the principals took their places in the ring, the local sheriff stepped in, and holding up his hand majestically, started to announce there would be no fight as it was against the law. A representative of the promoters stepped forward to shake hands with the sheriff and when the guardian of the law looked in his hand, he saw two \$100 bills. He left the ring without making his intended announcement, and there was no further legal trouble.

Then the referee, umpires, seconds, and bottle-holders gathered as the principals advanced to

scratch, a mark in the center of the ring. Seconds peered into the drawers of the fighters to see if there were any concealed weapons, for the London prize-ring rules expressly forbade "use of stones, sticks or other hard substances". They looked at the shoes of the fighters to see that their spikes were "confined to three, protruding not more than three-eighths of an inch from the soles of their boots".

With all the amenities satisfied, the ring was cleared, and the mighty battlers took stances like two Towers of Pisa leaning away from each other—postures preserved only in woodcut reproductions of the era. The mauling, bruising slugfest was on.

III

The first round lasted five seconds. Kilrain sprang forward from scratch and bounced a looping right off Sullivan's chin. Sullivan missed with two lefts, then seized Kilrain by both shoulders and tripped him—"back-heeled" in current parlance—sending him sprawling to the ground.

The second round brought a smart exchange of body blows until Sullivan "cross-buttocked" his adversary and threw him over his hip.

In the third, there were cries of "Foul!" when Sullivan sank his fist below Kilrain's waistline, but the foul was not allowed. Both got in at close quarters and delivered a half-dozen blows below the belt. The round ended in forty-five seconds with Sullivan being thrown heavily.

The fourth was the longest round of the fight, the fifteen-minute, twenty-one-second round. As it opened, Kilrain clinched and then buried a right in Sullivan's stomach as they broke. Sullivan scowled and gritted his teeth. Kilrain retreated as Sullivan lunged for him and John L., renowned for his vituperative language in and out of the ring, stopped short, roaring: "Why don't you stop and fight, you bastard!" Kilrain edged over to his corner and inclined his head while Charley Mitchell, his trainer, whispered to him. Then they mixed again in mid-ring, but Sullivan paused long enough to roar at Mitchell, "I wish I had you in here!" Mitchell, who had once fought Sullivan, was jeering Sullivan in caustic language from the corner.

After twenty seconds of sparring, Sullivan's temper got the best of him and he flailed out like a windmill, Kilrain dodging easily. Twelve minutes had passed. Sulli-

van slowed up and taking aim, slammed a terrific left into Kilrain's ribs. He followed with a right to the neck, then threw his left arm around Kilrain's neck and forced his head backward until ringsiders would hear the bones crack. With a sudden fling he tossed Kilrain on his side and fell heavily on him. (Wrestling played an important role in the London prize-ring rules, and a favorite method of weakening an adversary was to throw him heavily and then fall upon him, seemingly by accident. If the fall were obviously intentional, it was foul.) Kilrain's seconds rushed forward and carried their half-unconscious man to his corner.

When Kilrain came out for the fifth round, a huge red blotch appeared below his heart. Sullivan noticed it and pounded it from red to blue. Kilrain grasped Sullivan around the waist and attempted to throw him, but the hold was ineffectual and both struggled until they were momentarily exhausted. Sullivan stood still, made inelegant faces, and invited his foe to come closer, but Kilrain kept out of reach, except to land a few tantalizing blows in the midriff. Sullivan aimed heavy hammer-like blows downward, apparently trying to break Kilrain's neck as the

latter stooped for infighting. Kilrain drew first blood with a right to the nose, but Sullivan finally landed a pile-driving fist on Kilrain's neck and Kilrain sprawled like a felled ox. As his seconds carried him to his corner, his neck hung limp, like a man with a broken spine.

The sixth was a five-second round, ending when Kilrain deliberately went down to escape punishment. The seventh went two minutes, Sullivan using most of his wind swearing at Kilrain, finally back-heeling him into a heavy fall. But Kilrain apparently had regained some confidence in the eighth, for he waded in and slugged at John L.'s ribs. Sullivan aimed a mule-killing blow at Jake's jugular, but the fist grazed by, doing no further damage than peeling off a strip of skin. A hard right to the jaw crumbled Kilrain who was carried to his corner at the end of one minute, five seconds.

The ninth, tenth, and eleventh averaged ten seconds and were featured by attempts of Kilrain to hang on Sullivan's neck. The eleventh ended with Kilrain knocked prone; and as Sullivan stepped over the body, he aimed a stealthy kick at Jake's midriff.

In the twelfth, Sullivan beat a tattoo on Kilrain's red-and-blue

target, and Jake came up obviously distressed in the thirteenth. He got both arms around Sullivan's neck and hung on until John L. upper-cut him with a tremendous short-arm blow. Kilrain's hands unwound slowly from Sullivan's neck like the tentacles of a wounded octopus and he dropped to the ground, a quivering mass.

The fifteenth was a foot race, but Kilrain was fresher and laced John L. with lefts to the stomach until Sullivan dropped him with a right to the jaw that sent convulsive shivers up and down his prone form as he lay in the 107-degree sun.

Vigorous rubbing revived Kilrain just in time to wobble up to scratch, and it was obvious that he was trying to work Sullivan into a position so if the latter missed, he would strike a ring-post with his fist. Continual shouting by Sullivan's seconds warned him, however, and John L. retaliated with a round of swearing that curled the long hair of gentlemanly Mississippians.

As they toed the scratch in the seventeenth, Kilrain's seconds yelled that Sullivan had resin in his hands, and the referee, much to John L.'s disgust, halted the fight while he made Sullivan wash his hands. As they renewed the round,

Sullivan got a half-nelson on his opponent and savagely threw him. Kilrain went down on his back and Sullivan jumped on top of him with his full weight, doubling his left leg to bury it in Kilrain's abdomen, but it missed. Kilrain was carried out at the end of twenty-six seconds.

As the eighteenth opened, blood was running from Sullivan's left foot where he had been spiked by Kilrain. With a nod of his head, Sullivan called attention to the wound as if to say that it had better not be repeated. Sullivan also was bleeding from the eye and Jake tried to close it, but with his guard down, he took a blow in the stomach that sounded like a bursting balloon.

Kilrain appeared dazed in the nineteenth and seized Sullivan by the wrist. "What's the matter, do you want to wrestle, fight, or race?" rumbled John L., punctuating it with short-arm jabs to the ribs. Kilrain then got in two to the nose before he went down at nineteen seconds.

Then came another series of short rounds. In the twenty-third, Sullivan jumped heavily on Kilrain after he was floored and the latter claimed a foul, but the referee ignored him. By the thirtieth, it was apparent that Kilrain was

outclassed but Sullivan was determined to inflict all the punishment he could without ending the fight. Still game, Kilrain hung on, dodging heavy blows and slipping to his knees when the going got too rough. In the thirty-fifth, Sullivan back-heeled his adversary and fell squarely upon his abdomen. Kilrain regained his wind and courage in the next few short rounds and in the forty-second, there was furious fighting for twenty seconds. Again Sullivan threw him and this time tried to sit on his head. There was an uproar from the crowd and frantic claims of fouls, which were disallowed.

Sullivan came out of his corner vomiting in the forty-fourth. The heat and over-eating had begun to tell. In the next, after sending Kilrain to the ground, Sullivan deliberately jumped on him with both knees, trying to crush Kilrain's head. In the forty-seventh, when Kilrain dropped, Sullivan rolled over him twice. Clinches and three short rounds saved Kilrain and in the fifty-first, he was plugging away at Sullivan until a back-of-the-neck chop pitched him flat upon his face. In the fifty-fourth, Sullivan chased Kilrain to his corner and when the latter went down, Sullivan again dived on him with his whole weight. Kilrain

seemingly was fashioned of India rubber to have withstood such avalanches. In the next round he made no attempt to defend himself, but still Sullivan would not finish it. Instead, he stood laughing and pounding his man until he wilted to the ground.

The rest of the rounds were short, Kilrain frequently saving himself by going down before Sullivan's brine-pickled fist connected. In the fifty-eighth, he had Sullivan's eye closed, but lacked the strength to do further damage. By the sixty-eighth, he was out of wind, no longer able to run away from Sullivan's flailing fists. Fresh and jubilant, John L. battered his helpless foe on through the seventy-fifth round, but when time was called for the seventy-sixth, Kilrain couldn't propel himself forward to scratch. A second tossed in the sponge. The fight was over and Sullivan was proclaimed world's champion.

When Kilrain's side bet was paid, he was left strapped. Some of his admirers quickly made up a purse of \$600, and Sullivan magnanimously added \$500 — and that was all Jake got for staying seventy-five rounds with the Boston Bruiser.

A discolored pulp of mauled flesh, his eyes nearly closed, lips cut, and bones dislocated, Kilrain dictated a ringside telegram to his wife. It read: "Nature gave out. Not hurt. Your husband, Jake."

That night, back in New Orleans, Sullivan went on an historic drunk. When they finally got him home, four cops stood guard over him in his room until he passed out.

Incredibly enough, the man who stayed seventy-five rounds with John L. was still alive, at the age of seventy-eight, on the forty-eighth anniversary of the fight, July 8, 1937, living virtually penniless in Boston.



COHEN AND CORCORAN: BRAIN TWINS

BY BLAIR BOLLES

SINCE Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell's late lamented interment in a vat of molasses, the Do-Gooding of the original Brain Trust has survived its flamboyant members only as a dismal memory. Lost in newspaper files is the turgid record of the disagreement and braggadocio they shouted so vehemently when the New Deal was novel and not yet an Epsteinian monument to the pique of President Roosevelt. And today, in place of the strutting Brain Trusters, we have the Brain Twins. The Brain Twins are more subtle. They are quiet. They direct the nation, but they do it with a certain tip-toeing mischievousness, like little boys who don't want to admit they know where the jam is stored. They are carefree makers of the laws; for them, guiding the destinies of 130,000,000 persons is a lark. The final disappearance of the Brain Trusters has left them in complete charge of the great business of Making America Over.

The Brain Twins, young men who work deep in the shadows far out of the taxpayers' sight, are

Thomas Gardiner Corcoran, age thirty-six, and Benjamin Victor Cohen, age forty-four. They are Thinkers of almost legendary existence whose skill at totalitarian induction makes neophytes of the former Regimenters. They write the laws, yet they are irresponsible to the governed. They are off-stage technicians — expert, impassive logicians, supported in Washington bureau jobs which are of themselves sinecures. They are the *Führer's* tutors in public speaking, providing the ideas, facts, and figures, while he spills the results to the unsuspecting voters. To these two, Dr. Roosevelt entrusts the task of making articulate — and legal — his airy schemes for collectivizing America. They draw his ceaseless good pleasure because they do not talk in public, do not write books filled with lush crackpot-isms. They dislike seeing their names in print. And in this capacity of secret advisers, they constitute a far greater menace to American government than did the braying Big Shots of 1933.

The Brain Twins' anonymity keeps them free from public censure. They quietly draft bills for the Senate and House to pass, and then coach New Deal congressmen in what to say about those bills and how to say it. Did you imagine, for example, that the late Senator Fletcher and Representative Rayburn had something to do with framing the Fletcher-Rayburn Truth-in-Securities Law? Very little. It is a Cohen-Corcoran product. In like manner, the newer books of federal statutes are stuffed with their compositions. Had not Dr. Roosevelt neglected to use them on one momentous occasion, the Supreme Court might now be under the *Führer's* thumb. Instead of allowing the Brain Twins, both enemies of the Court, to draft the Judiciary Bill, he turned the job over to Homer Cummings and Donald Richberg. Cohen and Corcoran, excluded from the "Reform" picture because they were feverishly engaged at the time in writing the new minimum wage-and-hour measure, approved the Rooseveltian scheme to pack the Court, but disliked the method proposed. Privately they gave the Court legislation little chance of passage. Yet every bill but one that they themselves have drafted is now the law of the land.

Almost invariably when Entrenched Wealth is to be badgered, businessmen are to be spitted, or the citizen of trifling aptitude is to be showered with Treasury cash, the White House calls for Corcoran and Cohen. They planned the straitjacketing of Wall Street and the hampering of America's private utilities: they wrote not only the Securities Act but the Stock Exchange Act and the Public Utilities Holding Company Act. So important does the *Führer* consider their imprimatur upon legislation that the sorely-needed merchant marine measure was kept in a pigeonhole two years, awaiting the attention of the Brain Boys. As developers of the plans for the Federal Housing Administration and the Electric Home and Farm Authority, they put the government into the business of financing house repairs and selling refrigerators on the instalment plan. The Brain Twins circumvented legal objections to curb the tides of Passamaquoddy Bay, and they coached the Chief Executive in arguments for the sovietization of the Tennessee River Valley.

In their pockets they jingle the keys to the backdoor of the White House. There, with the Skipper, they plot the actions of the front men, the while they are disguised

from the taxpayers as Assistant Counsel of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and Counsel of the National Power Policy Committee. Cohen's bureaucratic title is worth \$8000 a year, RFC Corcoran's \$10,000. This is cheap; no other country in the world has ever hired such high-pressure talent for a mere \$18,000 per annum. Not even the American taxpayer should quibble at footing the bill, for it subsidizes the destiny of a pair of Washington backstairs wizards who have been working sixteen hours a day at thinking for the Public Thinkers since March 4, 1933.

II

Despite the wondrous amity between Corcoran and Cohen, they are alike in only two respects. Each is unmarried, and each works tirelessly to make it possible for the government to wash the necks and ears of all citizens. Cohen has believed in paternalistic government since he graduated in law from Harvard University. At Cambridge, he, like Corcoran later, came under the spell of Dr. Felix Frankfurter, whom Theodore Roosevelt denounced in 1913 as the "most dangerous Radical in America", and of whom in 1933 General

Hugh Johnson remarked: "He is the most influential man in the United States".

Cohen's virtue for the New Deal lies in his convictions; he has a sincere feeling for the Oppressed. His first act of Uplift came after the World War, when he spent two years in Europe promoting a Zionist settlement of the problems of Palestine. While abroad, John Maynard Keynes interested him in the theory that a national depression could best be combated by priming private industry through a gigantic public-works program. Keynes aroused him also to support the theory of securities control as established by the British Companies Acts. Thus Cohen sailed from Europe a disciple of investment regulation and multi-billion-dollar spending.

Bonus riots, farmers' holidays, and hunger marches beset the United States in 1932 on the eve of Cohen's departure for the Capital. Benjamin V. contemplated the national dislocation and concluded, in company with millions of other Americans, that Herbert Hoover could no more stem the depression than Canute could halt the North Sea's neap tide. Because he was against Hoover, he voted for Roosevelt. But he had an Uplifter's misgivings — which did not vanish

until late in 1933 — that Dr. Roosevelt might prove cautious and squander too little of the taxpayers' money. Cohen wanted a test of the famous Keynes' theory that billions for pump-priming would set a sick nation on its feet, and when Lewis Douglas, then the thrifty Budget Director, lost his welcome at the White House, Cohen felt there was hope. Today, he believes that popular pressure for free federal cash made a lavish man of Dr. Roosevelt, essentially a conservative in the Cohen view. Much as he would like to see the dollars strewn across the land from Washington as thick as straw from a thresher's blower, he is resigned that the President spent as much as he could.

This man who loves to see the money fly was born in Muncie, ("Middletown") Indiana, on September 23, 1894. His father, Moses, who made a comfortable living in the ore business, was a Jewish refugee from Poland, whence he fled in 1868, searching for liberty in the United States. Young Cohen was very, very serious; he neglected marbles for Descartes and Spencer. While his fellows learned the parts of speech, he developed his own philosophy. He based it on the universal need for "fairness". This early stirring of the Uplift sentiment suggested investigation of

examples of unfairness in the realms of business and society, so he turned to a study of economics at the University of Chicago, which he entered in 1910 at the age of sixteen.

Having mastered economics, Cohen, to cope with Unfairness, resolved to be a lawyer, and when he was twenty-one, Harvard made him a Doctor of Juridical Science. Professor Frankfurter wangled him a position as secretary to Judge Julian William Mack of the Federal Circuit Court in New York City. Almost every important receivership case in the country came eventually before Judge Mack. Cohen gained an advanced education in the complexities of the law on corporate reorganization, which he was later to find of great value when applied to the New Deal's planning board for business-shearing.

Weak eyes kept Cohen from the Army. But since he was imbued with Dr. Frankfurter's belief that all lawyers should slave in the public service, he snapped at the opportunity to assist Edward Burnham Burling, counsel for the United States Shipping Board. His chief duty was to keep an eye on Edward Doheny, and so successfully did he harass the millionaire oil man that Burling, now a law part-

ner of George Rublee, J. P. Morgan's counsel in Washington, paid this tribute to the young enemy of individualism: "I certainly feel sorry for Doheny. I would hate to have Cohen on my neck."

Back from Europe and the salvation of Palestine, Cohen began to practice law in New York City. Using the knowledge he had obtained in Judge Mack's chambers, he specialized in corporate reorganization, but even while he was enmeshed in untangling the tangles of business structure, he made a concession to Uplift and became the unpaid counsel of the National Consumer's League, which was hot in search of a draft of a model Minimum Wage Law for New York State. Cohen wrote the legislative protection for the poor working girl. Four years later he received the Call from Washington.

Professor Frankfurter, it seems, had told Dr. Raymond Moley that Cohen could recite in his sleep the British Companies Acts. The White House had promised the country it would do something about the securities business. Cohen was promptly put on the elastic payroll of the Democratic National Committee. He took a suite at the Carlton Hotel, three blocks from the White House, with James

McCauley Landis, Harvard Law, '24, another Frankfurter hot-dog. To complete the triumvirate of legislative wizards, Dr. Moley, again on Dr. Frankfurter's advice, added Thomas Gardiner Corcoran as a cheerleader and consultant on the workings of the securities business from the corporation point of view. Cohen, the practical adviser of the trio on investment control, was the actual composer of the Securities Bill. Landis — an expert in constitutional law and in its outwitting — was the official attorney. The three went with gusto at paving the way for governmental domination of America's business heart — its financing.

III

Corcoran, a brilliant thinker of other men's thoughts, has advocated turning Washington into America's wet-nurse since the arrival in the Capital of the Roosevelt agents. They found him already there, promoting the cause of Hoover capitalism through the medium of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. He is active as a waterbug, talkative, entertaining, an animated liker of people, a fair singer, a pleasing pianist, a capable accordion player. He is not alone the White House Machia-

velli: he is its court jester, bubbling with slight jokes which arouse the famous hearty laughter of the President.

Before the fun-loving Corcoran moved south to Washington, he had spent five years studying investments for the fine old capitalistic law firm of Cotton, Franklin, Wright, & Gordon at 63 Wall Street. Young Tommy was just twelve months out of Harvard Law School, with never a thought for the Downtrodden, when he bounced into New York in 1927 after a year as secretary to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Whoever is Corcoran's mentor or employer receives full use of the Corcoran mentality. The Cotton, Franklin firm found the piano-playing Irish Yankee so brilliant a counsellor for Big Business that Joseph Cotton, the principal partner, who was Assistant Secretary of State, recommended him in December, 1932, to Eugene Meyer, then head of the RFC, as the perfect young lawyer to help a Herbert Hoover agency.

Tommy Corcoran's record for pleasing his superiors was, in fact, excellent. His teachers in the public schools of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, where he was born December 29, 1900, considered his mastery of his lessons in the nature of

wizardry. At Brown University, his prize-winnings in debate and English composition made him the intellectual star of the Class of 1921. When he entered Harvard Law School, the marvelous agility of Corcoran's mind won Professor Frankfurter, and Frankfurter's theory that the law is a moving force adaptable to the changing years apparently won Corcoran.

Thus it was easy for the promising young hopeful to align himself with the Roosevelt purposes. After the Securities Bill was written, his new master transferred Corcoran from the RFC to the Treasury. His duty was to serve as liaison man with the Federal Reserve Board. His chief at the national counting house was Under-Secretary Dean Acheson, whose presence in a New Deal agency was more outlandish than the appointment of a Berber to head a drive for celibacy. Acheson was a conservative Democrat by birth, training, association, and inclination. In October, 1933, he came to open disagreement with the White House over the insistence of the Attorney General that the RFC had the power to buy gold. In November he quit, and Corcoran, ever at the heels of his monitor, also resigned. Acheson left the New Deal to practice law with

Cohen's old boss, Ned Burling. But Tommy, certain that he still could aid the cause of his ultimate boss, the President, whose flow of ideas promised fun, returned to the RFC to help swing the gold-purchase policy.

The combination of a disposition so tractable with a mind so keen was a rarity which the New Deal decided to exploit to the limit. When John Dickinson and A. A. Berle, prima donna Brain Trusters, failed to agree on how the federal government best could dominate the stock exchanges, Corcoran and Cohen were assigned the task of finding a cue to regulation. Their Truth-in-Securities Act had been made law in June, 1933, when Cohen went to work for the Public Works Administration. While Corcoran was embellishing the thinking of Dean Acheson, his silent collaborator was developing a public-works labor policy for Honest Harold Ickes. The two now wrote a bill which put the finger on the brokers. Landis, who was busy administering the first Securities Act, lent them his wisdom. With the law finally drafted, Corcoran drew his sword and went at Wall Street in the course of a talk before the Senate Banking Committee. Leave the Stock Exchange uncurbed? Unthinkable!

"In some ways," said Corcoran, "the situation is not unlike putting a baby in a cage with a tiger without attempting to regulate the tiger."

IV

In December, 1934, Cohen and Corcoran met the *Führer* in the flesh. The great protector of Americans wanted them to guillotine the country's public-utility holding companies. Within four months of this meeting at the White House, Cohen mastered the intricacies of the power business. Dr. Roosevelt was awed. Within the same time, Corcoran developed an expertness with the accordion. Dr. Roosevelt was entertained. The Twins then wrote their holding company bill, and their position as favored characters at the White House was assured.

Cohen's brain power is so great that it can almost be sensed. Dr. Roosevelt liked to have him around as a chilled man enjoys sitting near a stove. Corcoran, Roosevelt welcomed for his tonic properties. He sang, he was a sparkler of ideas, he dribbled neat phrases. Was the President stumped for a sentence boasting of his accomplishment? Let Tommy provide it: "We have built a granite foundation in a pe-

riod of confusion." The *wunderkinder* were supplied with special telephone lines to the White House. When the Skipper had an idea, he sent for Corcoran and Cohen. They were the Brain Twins. Not even the nasty epithet of "liar" tossed at Corcoran in public hearing by Representative Ralph Brewster nor a page-one row between Senate and House conferees on the holding-company bill over whether Cohen should sit with them in their executive deliberations, shook the importance of the two technicians of wet-nurse law.

In 1935, when the Twins gained such prominence, Brain Trusters were disappearing like brown bears before Winter. The Brain Boys' star was going up. They re-wrote and wrote again the holding-company bill until it passed. They were made assistant attorneys general to fight eighty-one suits brought simultaneously by holding companies against the law. Cohen found the way to halt the litigation. Corcoran flew all over the country, from court to court, expounding the plea developed by Cohen, and the suits melted away.

The Twins lived together in the "Little Red House in Georgetown". Together they wrote

speeches for congressmen. They talked together with the President on every piece of legislation in his program to Make America Over. To hatch their thoughts together they rented an apartment at 1610 K Street. There they have lived, with two grand pianos, since the Red House was sold over their heads. During the 1936 campaign they worked together as liaison men between the Democrats and the Progressives. Only when they grow tired do they separate: Corcoran revives himself with Brahms, and Cohen seeks a seat in a movie for a nap. Together they keep abreast of developments in the various centers of bureaucracy through reports from the two hundred smart young men Corcoran has placed in listening-post jobs.

Cohen, aglow with a driving passion for Uplift, and Corcoran, eager to win a hard victory, no matter who his general, are walking signals to the Executive's mastery of Congress during his first four years. Their capacities as legislative draftsmen, as lobbyists, and as instructors of representatives and senators in elocution have established them as the navigators of Dr. Roosevelt's government. They felt they owed the people nothing, so they gave their all for Frank.

HOW TO BE A UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT

BY HERMAN G. JAMES

President, Ohio University

AMONG the countless queries directed at a university president in his official capacity, none is more perplexing than the somewhat naïve but by no means infrequent question as to how one becomes a president. Always on the delicate side, the question becomes downright embarrassing when propounded by a person with an obvious urge to become a president and yet possessing none of the qualifications that should be required. I say "should be required" because, as will presently appear, there is a disturbing spread between desiderata and actualities. A no less embarrassing aspect is now and then uncovered in the tone of voice of the questioner which implies: "How in the world did you get to be president?"

Let us assume, for sake of argument, that there is such a thing as a career of university president. Let us assume, further, that a young man of twenty-one in his senior year in college is asking the question of how to become a university

president. Or, to simplify the problem, that he is asking how he should go about fitting himself for the assumed career. It is taken for granted, of course, that no man without college training would even be looking toward such a goal. The rare instances in which men without a degree have become university presidents have either been the disturbing exceptions to prove the rule or, more frequently, constitute Exhibit A in the evidence that this requirement should be the minimum of the minima.

Must such a young man possess special natural endowments to warrant him in seeking a university presidency? I am not speaking of such qualities as enter into pre-eminence in any worthy life-work — ability, energy, character, personality. I assume that these are present in our novitiate. What does he need over and above that? Well, I should say that he needs a profound conviction that the university field of endeavor is

the most fascinating, the most challenging, and the most worthwhile one open to him. With the exception of the ministry, or such service as nursing or social welfare, there is probably no profession in which the rewards must come so largely from satisfaction in doing the job itself as in the field of education. I do not mean to imply that there must be felt an irresistible "call" to "dedicate" oneself to the teaching profession, but without an underlying conviction that nothing could be more worthy of one's best efforts, the fruits are likely to taste sour.

Starting, then, with these all-too-rare items of equipment, what course should our inquiring friend pursue? Fortunately, the answer is not difficult. The neophyte must become in fact as well as in spirit a broadly educated man. It matters comparatively little what course of study he has pursued in his undergraduate days, though the much-maligned cultural course is obviously his best foundation. But there is still plenty of time for him to become educated, no matter what specialties he has followed so far, and even the model liberal arts product will have just begun the process of becoming truly educated. This highly subjective process will have to continue steadily

henceforth, if he is to live up to his prospective responsibilities.

What should the next step be? The achievement of recognized professional background in his chosen field of university training. It is my opinion that it makes very little difference what special line of university work is selected. We have had outstanding university presidents from such diverse fields as chemistry, physics, biology, languages, psychology, philosophy, economics, government, history, education, law, medicine, and engineering, to give only a partial list.

But it is necessary to add at this point that for the prospective university president there is no advantage in securing a degree in "education". For the man whose interests lie in this direction, the attainment of pre-eminence is most likely to occur in the field of his interests, as is true of all other fields. But the notion that by taking his graduate degree in the field called "education", he becomes specially qualified for administrative posts, is not in accordance with the facts. Actually, the effect has frequently been the opposite, for too many men have turned to that specialty not because of intense interest, but because of the belief that it represented an open sesame to higher

positions. The requisite acquaintance with educational philosophy, history of education, and principles of educational administration is part of the equipment of the man who is planning to enter the university field. It need not be secured by three years or more of graduate work. What is important is that the candidate should obtain the best possible training available. This means a minimum of the Ph.D. or a post-graduate degree of like rank in the professional fields in which the doctor of philosophy is not ordinarily offered.

II

Our young friend is now ready to enter the profession in which he hopes to make his mark. What should be his next objectives? Roughly, in the order of importance, they might be listed as: excellence as a teacher, productiveness as a scholar, and usefulness as a member of the university community. It is obvious that since teaching is his major concern, he must show himself to be a good teacher in the broadest sense, possessing mastery of his subject, ability to impart its significance to his students in an inspiring manner, and sympathetic understanding of his students as human beings. To

achieve standing among the co-workers in his field he must demonstrate his ability to advance the frontiers of knowledge in that field by scientific research and productive scholarship. And to prove his ability to co-operate with men and to lead them, he must take an intelligent and active part in the larger concerns of the institution and the community in which he lives. It is in these last named relations that he demonstrates the possession of what, for want of a better name, we may term administrative and executive ability.

How long should this proving period last? It will differ for different men, and circumstances beyond control may affect it for a particular man; but if our hypothetical initiate has completed his formal academic training at twenty-five, he should be ready for the assuming of an administrative post in the period from thirty-five to forty. In ten to fifteen years a superior man should have made his mark as teacher, scholar, and leader. He is now ready for his next step.

Probably the most valuable opportunities would be presented either by the presidency of a small institution, or a deanship in a large university. Either would be good experience, with possibly the dean-

ship the better background for an ultimate presidency. Five years of successful endeavor in either of these positions and he is ready for his big job at an age between forty and fifty.

Only very rare individuals will be mature and experienced enough before the age of forty-five to assume such responsibilities. Fewer still will be elastic enough after reaching fifty-five. Ten years would seem to be the ultimate term of constructive usefulness in any one position. With exceptions so rare as to be startling, no university presidents have made any really important contributions after passing a decade in one position. It is not merely a matter of chronological or biological age, though the average age at which men become university presidents is just about fifty, so that most have reached sixty at the end of their first decade. It is much more a matter of weariness of spirit so that struggle becomes distasteful. Without struggle, obviously there is stagnation.

What, then, should our imaginary president do when his ten years are ended, irrespective of age? He should either take up work in a new institution, if he is still young enough, or retire gracefully to the honored ranks of

teachers and scholars. This is the most difficult step in the whole long history, and the one most rarely taken. Personal pride, the desire for continued higher salary, the various intangible perquisites of office, the disinclination to leave the accustomed field of action for the neglected field of teaching and research, the persuasive arguments of faculty members who have established themselves with the incumbent, the aversion of trustees to tackle the job of finding a successor, and other more or less extraneous considerations all stand in the way of the final act of abnegation. But the importance of this final act must not be overlooked in writing the plot for the play. For without it, the saga ends on a note of anti-climax. Moreover, the overlong postponement of the final curtain discouragingly shuts the door of opportunity to younger players eager to assume their roles.

This, it seems to me, portrays our pilgrim's progress as it should occur. But the actual path is likely to be quite different, and the young aspirant should be warned that these ideal conditions do not exist. The main reason they do not exist is that the actual selection of presidents is a sadly hit-and-miss affair. The wonder is that so many good men are chosen. Even when such

obviously improper considerations as personal friendship, nepotism, party or religious politics, or propagandized campaigns for election are left out of account, there is still lacking an orderly procedure for insuring that all properly qualified persons will be assured of consideration, and that only the best suited individuals are chosen.

This situation, of course, is most unfortunate. College and university presidents and boards of trustees could and should unite in formulating an orderly personnel program for exchanging current information as to promising young men coming up in the profession. Until that is done, favoritism in one form or another will dictate the selection of many presidents, and accident will play a disproportionate role. But this does not relieve the aspiring young man of

his fundamental obligation even under existing conditions, and that is to refrain from becoming a candidate in the sense that school superintendents and athletic coaches are candidates.

It is my conviction, borne out by long observation and experience, that the process of becoming even *sub rosa* an aspirant for a university presidency, stamps the individual with the mark of failure in advance. Let our candidate extend his personal acquaintance among all leaders in the university world in all legitimate ways, and trust that in the more orderly processes of selection, which are bound to come, his qualifications will become more or less automatically known to those persons who are interested. Not a very rosy prospect for attracting able men to a vital profession? Well, not very.



RADICALS IN OUR CHURCHES

BY HAROLD LORD VARNEY

IN September of last year, the staid and sober-minded conventicles of American Protestantism were rocked by a sensational public pronouncement by the Right Reverend William T. Manning, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York. To say that Bishop Manning's disclosures were embarrassing is to put it mildly. With documented facts he revealed that an organized group of Socialist sympathizers — the Church League for Industrial Democracy — boring from within his denomination, had attained such recognition that the official arrangements dignitaries for the forthcoming Episcopal general convention had assigned a daily period on the convention program for their propaganda meetings. Conservative-minded Episcopal churchmen, preparing to attend the convention, found on their official program the announcement of "forum" meetings, ostensibly approved by the convention officers, to be addressed by such speakers as the Communist, Roger N. Bald-

win, and the ex-Communist, A. J. Muste, and the Socialists, Norman Thomas, Howard Kester, and Prof. Reinhold Niebuhr. The implication was that this Left-wing group, which had long been working obscurely in the Episcopal denomination, had now risen to sufficient authority to demand and secure an official role in the governing convention of the church.

The incident gave dramatic emphasis to a situation which has long been developing in all the Protestant denominations. Socialism and Communism have penetrated the American church. Their spokesmen are sitting in strategic positions in our leading denominations. Covertly but surely they are laboring to transform some of our outstanding church institutions into instruments for social revolution. Moreover, in this effort, they have already won the co-operation of an appallingly large number of well-meaning but politically immature pastors.

Some time ago, a Left-wing magazine conducted a highly-

publicized poll of the Protestant clergy of America, inviting the churchmen to define their attitudes on such disputed issues as war, capitalism, and the various proposals for a New Social Order. The response was almost a plebiscite for a Socialist society. Of the 20,870 clergymen replying, twenty-eight per cent announced themselves as frank supporters of Socialism, while a larger number described themselves emphatically as believers in a "drastically-reformed capitalism". Outright pacifism received the ballots of sixty-two per cent. All in all, the returns demonstrated that, while the Left is still a minority force in American Protestantism, its strength is formidably ascendant.

In some denominations, Leftism seems actually to be in the saddle. Recently, one of the major Protestant denominations—the consolidated Congregational-Christian churches—met in General Council at Oberlin, Ohio. For a summary of the prevailing spirit of this gathering, we may refer the reader to the description given in the *Christian Century*, a Left-sympathizing weekly:

The temper of the delegates was almost one of indifference to the usual internal concerns of ecclesiastical gatherings. . . . Seminars on missions, on theology, on stewardship,

on problems of the ministry, were quite overshadowed by seminars on peace, economic justice, on the future of the farmer. Even a threatened loss of the pension funds of the clergy could not compete for attention with a proposal that was known to look toward the coming of a social order in which endowments might be wiped out.

Now it would be inaccurate to cite this isolated instance as typical of the present temper of the Protestant church as a whole: as the *Christian Century* itself points out, the action of the Oberlin Council represented "the most daring and advanced conception of the function of the church to be avowed so far by a Protestant denomination". But it is an inescapable portent; for it discloses a stupendous advance of Left-wing influence in a field which, only a few years ago, seemed hermetically sealed against the Revolution. It gives disquieting confirmation to the recent comment of Episcopal Bishop Edward L. Parsons that "the Churches as a whole in their official pronouncements are definitely 'Radical'".

What are the influences which have induced this seeming about-face of American Christianity? Manifestly, it would be an oversimplification to ascribe present church Radicalism exclusively to Socialist and Communist propa-

ganda. The Marxists have played a role—a vast one—in impelling the church toward anti-capitalist attitudes: nevertheless, their success would have fallen far short of its present mark had it not been reinforced by the parallel church movement of the “Social Gospel”.

In the advance toward the social revolutionary church, the Social Gospelers have been the shock troops. Stemming from the humanitarianism of Kingsley and Maurice rather than from the class-struggle attitudes of Marx, they have conditioned the minds of multitudes of church-goers to a belief that the church has a secular as well as a spiritual mission. They have set the precedent of church participation in politics to enforce a “Christianized world”. Their “Liberal” identity has provided a perfect protective coloration for the church Marxists who have found that they can enjoy immunity for their own propaganda so long as they present it under the unsuspected Social Gospel name. Before Stalin made his discovery that Communism could be achieved painlessly by United Fronts with the Liberals, practical-minded American church Socialists had long been practicing a successful “United Front” in many of our denominations with the reformist

Social Gospelers. Unless we recognize the coincidence of these two parallel church trends in American Protestantism, we will have an inaccurate concept of the Left-wing challenge which now confronts religious America.

When the roll of the active Socialist church forces is called, first place must concededly be given to Dr. Harry F. Ward and his Methodist Federation for Social Service. Not only does Dr. Ward occupy probably the most advanced revolutionary position of any of the influential church Leftists, but he also enjoys the largest personal following among the younger Protestant clergy. Occupying the chair of Applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary, he has for years been in a strategic position to influence the social thinking of American churchmen. Moreover, his Federation—the pioneer Social Gospel movement in the denominations—has illustrated in its twenty-nine-year career the progressive steps by which Liberal Christianity is moving inevitably toward the Socialist destination.

“We were first a social service organization,” wrote Dr. Ward in his *Social Service Bulletin* in November, 1933. “Now we are much more. We went on to social justice and then to social transformation.”

Whether Dr. Ward himself, a Socialist from his youth, had any such audacious ultimate purpose when in 1908 he founded the Federation with the help of Bishop Francis J. McConnell, is conjectural. It is significant that his leadership in the Federation for many years was a masterpiece of restraint. Never permitting himself to get too far ahead of his church, he wisely avoided activity in Dr. Edward Ellis Carr's outspoken Christian Socialist Fellowship, which attracted most of the Marxian churchmen prior to the World War. Conciliatory in his attitude, gradualistic in his approach, he was identified in the church mind until long after the war period with the Social Gospel rather than the revolutionary faction. So innocuous was his early personality that in 1909 he was selected by the Federal Council of Churches to write the officially-published handbook interpreting the new "Social Creed" of the Council.

The eventual metamorphosis of Dr. Ward into a social revolutionist so advanced that he could be described in the Thomasite *World Tomorrow* as one who "regards the Socialist Party as . . . conservative" is symbolic of the Radicalization which has been taking place among the Social Gospellers since

the beginning of the Depression. In Dr. Ward's case, the process has been accelerated by his growing admiration for the Soviet experiment in Russia. In 1932, he spent a sabbatical year in the USSR, returning to write an approving study of Soviet psychology under the title, *In Place of Profit*. Meanwhile, his co-secretary in the Methodist Federation, Miss Winnifred L. Chappell, apparently with the Ward approval, openly championed the election of William Z. Foster, Communist Party nominee for President. In 1933, Dr. Ward himself took the self-revealing step of allying himself with the Reds in the organization of the Communist-controlled American League Against War and Fascism. When the Communist character of the organization became so unmistakable that the first president, a Socialist Party member, was forced by his party to resign, Dr. Ward accepted the presidency and affiliated his Methodist Federation with this Radical body.

At the same time, the increasing Leftism of the Federation was being manifested by the new boldness of its official organ, the *Social Service Bulletin*. A typical paragraph from this Ward-edited periodical appeared on March 15, 1933:

The fiftieth anniversary of the death of Karl Marx! What a swath that man cut! One spontaneously wishes that he could see the present interesting spectacle—the catastrophic downslide of capitalism: the steady social upclimb in that sector of the earth where the program is frankly based on his philosophy. A good way to commemorate his life and death: send 15¢ to International Publishers, New York, for Lenin's *The Teachings of Karl Marx*; read it: get a few others to read it: discuss with them the present world situation in the light of it.

And on December 15, 1932:

There is going to be economic change of a thoroughgoing nature sooner or later in this country—perhaps sooner. The question for us is, how can we get ready to help at the birth of a new social order?

Following which is the suggestion to those who are “done with capitalism” to form study groups to read a series of recommended books. Of these recommendations, four are titles from the official Communist Party publishing house, the “International Publishers”. On May 1, 1933, the entire issue of the *Bulletin* was devoted to a friendly portraiture of Communism and the Communist Party.

In the Methodist Church itself, the influence of this now-undisguised Marxian propaganda movement was having its effect. Some of the district conferences found the Federation coterie in complete con-

trol. The most insurgent of these conferences was Eastern New York which, in 1934, echoed Dr. Ward with the official declaration that “the profit motive must go”, and in 1937 passed a resolution approving the American League Against War and Fascism. In practically all the conferences, the Federation clique electioneered themselves into total or partial control of the all-important social-welfare committees. It is not surprising that the cumulative influence of all this agitation, unopposed at first, was eventually registered in a new orientation of the whole denomination. At its quadrennial session of 1932, the General Conference took the most advanced economic stand which had yet been enunciated by an American denomination. It passed a resolution declaring that “the present social order is un-Christian, unethical, and anti-social because it is based largely on the profit motive with a direct appeal to selfishness”. It seemed that Methodism was headed directly toward the Socialist goal.

But even greater headway was being made by the Ward ideas in the official youth organizations of the church. During the quadrennium 1932-36, Bishop Edgar Blake of Detroit, a pillar of the Ward faction, had been designated by the

bishops as chairman of the Board of Education of the church, and hence as supervisor of the activities of the Epworth League, the Council of Methodist Youth, and other young peoples' movements. Bishop Blake designated Rev. Blaine E. Kirkpatrick as secretary and Rev. Owen M. Geer as assistant secretary of the department of Epworth League and Young Peoples' Work. Both were Socialist sympathizers. Under the Kirkpatrick régime, the Youth Council was permitted to participate under the Methodist name in the Communist-organized "Student Strike Against War" in 1936. Endorsement was given to the agitation for the "American Youth Act", a Communist-organized movement. The Council sponsored and printed a Left-wing pamphlet written by Al Hamilton, national secretary of the Young Peoples' Socialist League, who was also "Chairman of Social Action" for the Council.

Eventually, this steady advance of Ward-McConnell influence in the Methodist churches produced a major counter-reaction. The reaction swept the 1936 General Conference. Aroused by the arrogance of the Federation, a group of prominent non-Socialist Methodists, led by Henry S. Henschen, Wilbur Helm, and former Secre-

tary of Agriculture Arthur M. Hyde, determined to outwit the Socialists with their own tactics by going into the General Conference as an organized bloc. For this purpose they set up the Conference of Methodist Laymen. When the General Conference assembled, it was quickly obvious that, for the first time in years, the Ward-McConnell forces were on the defensive. While the Radicals were able to rally sufficient strength to defeat a proposal which would have deprived the Federation of the use of the Methodist name, and to halt a proposal to set up an official church "Social Action" department, they were unable to secure another ringing anti-capitalist declaration similar to that of 1932. A further result of this new militance of the non-Socialists was the speedy eclipse of the Radical youth leadership. Bishop A. W. Leonard, an informed non-Socialist, was appointed to head the Board of Education in place of Bishop Blake. The new head made short shrift of the Ward-ites: Kirkpatrick and Geer were dropped from their secretaryships and a new, non-political policy was introduced.

It would be premature, however, to assume that this temporary setback has tamed Dr. Ward. So far

from sounding retreat, we find him taking the step, after the General Conference, of adding to his Federation staff a church leader who is even more revolutionary than himself — the Rev. C. C. Webber. It was Dr. Webber who uttered the priceless description of God as “a Revolutionary Being” in an address before the Methodist Council of Youth in 1934. One of Webber’s first missions in his new employment was to rush to Detroit to aid the CIO in the General Motors strikes. Not only did he mobilize groups of Methodist preachers to go on the picket line, but he held a conference with a group of non-striking G.M. employees headed by Elbert Johnson, at which, according to Johnson’s affidavit, he declared that “I am in favor of the workers taking over, and owning, and operating these plants”, and offered to arrange a secret meeting of the non-strikers with President Homer Martin of the UAW. To emphasize further the political character of the Federation, Ward has placed after the Federation name on the official stationery the descriptive sentence: “An organization which seeks to abolish the profit system and to develop the classless society based upon the obligations of mutual service.”

II

If, as Bishop McConnell has said, the Methodist Federation “has set the pace for the Protestant churches of America”, it has not lacked imitators in the other denominations. The most successful of these has been the Church League for Industrial Democracy, which Bishop Manning has now unmasked. The Harry Ward of the Episcopalians is Rev. William B. Spofford, a frank Socialist. His organization, while autonomous, is headed by Bishop Edward L. Parsons of California, an active worker in the American Civil Liberties Union. Established in 1932, the CLID has been a haven for Socialism among the American Episcopal priesthood. An extract from the statement of principles adopted at its Philadelphia convention in February, 1937, will place the League in the reader’s mind:

We reject the profit-seeking economy with its private ownership of the things upon which the lives of all depend.

We seek to establish a social economy which, under collective ownership and democratic control of the common means of life, will make possible the highest potential development of persons and society.

In our efforts to accomplish this basic change in the organization of society, we commit ourselves to the democratic method.

Despite this pledge of democracy, we find a Communist inclination in some of Dr. Spofford's collateral activities. In addition to his CLID work, he is a member of the national committee of the American League Against War and Fascism, whose purpose is not to aid democracy but to assist absolutist Russia. He has displayed frenzied concern over the fortunes of the Communist régime in Madrid and has lent the prestige of the Episcopal Church to the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, by sponsoring its activities. At the Philadelphia convention of the League, he secured passage of a resolution approving John L. Lewis and supporting the tactics of the sit-down strike.

Differing from such non-official denominational movements is the Council of Social Action of the Congregational-Christian churches. This body is not autonomous: it is an officially-constituted organ of the church. But so far has the Congregational denomination advanced into the Radical area that we find the personnel of this church body differing little in its social ideology from the Leftists whom we have encountered in the Methodist Federation and the CLID. The actual Council executive is Dr. Hubert C. Herring, a

Socialist, a national committeeman of the American Civil Liberties Union, and a member of the board of directors of the League for Industrial Democracy (the renamed Intercollegiate Socialist Society). The Social Action Council was set up at the Oberlin conference of the denomination after the delegates had listened to an emotional appeal by Dr. Herring on "A Crusading Church in Days of Revolution". Not only was the board of directors given plenary powers, but it was given an annual endowment from church funds of \$60,000. This action precipitated strenuous opposition in view of the fact that the \$60,000 was to be diverted from the accustomed church budget for missions. When it was pointed out that the endowing of Herring's work would mean the discontinuance of a number of foreign missionaries, the delegates displayed their belief in the superior importance of such secular work by voting the grant. It is significant that one of the new Council's initial activities was the issuing of a publicity statement in the name of the church, endorsing the CIO steel-organizing campaign. The broad significance of the action of the Congregational-Christian churches in creating this Council was

pointed out by Dr. F. Ernest Johnson, secretary of the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches, as the revelation of a "purpose to give expression in overt acts to the convictions that have been forming through the years in that relatively liberal denomination. It is a new effort in that, in theory at least, it puts the authority of the whole church as definitely behind a social drive as it is behind its missionary enterprise".

That the Left faction is still on the offensive in the Protestant churches despite the mounting reaction is shown by the fact that an interdenominational propaganda body has now been established — the United Christian Council for Democracy. Organized at a convention in Columbus, Ohio, late in 1936, the new Council includes the Methodist Federation, the CLID, the Conference of Southern Churchmen, and embryonic Radical groups in the other Protestant denominations. The Columbus convention adopted resolutions declaring that "our Christian faith — leaves us with no alternative save to labor for a radically new society. . . . We reject the profit-seeking economy and the capitalistic way of life with its private ownership of the things upon

which the lives of all depend". Actually, the objective of this new body is generally believed to be the uniting of church Radicals and "Liberals" for possible political action in a Lewis-led Peoples' Front in the 1940 campaign.

III

It is probably no overstatement, however, to say that the totalized activities of all denominational Social Actionists is relatively insignificant in comparison with the spectacular service to Leftism which is now being contributed by the Federal Council of Churches. Unnoted by the laity as a whole, the Council has been moving steadily in anti-capitalist directions for the past decade. Assumedly speaking for 22,000,000 Protestants (all major churches except the Lutheran), its utterances have an emphasis which is conspicuously lacking in the fulminations of the Wards and the Spoffords. Its present orientation was dramatically revealed by Franklin D. Roosevelt when, on the eve of his Fascist-Socialist New Deal assault upon American capitalism, he declared himself "just as Radical" as the Federal Council.

Admittedly, any attempt to bring the Council within our Left-

wing canvas will provoke scornful disclaimers from its admirers. Like all penumbral Radical types, Socialistic groups in the council have made a fine art of balancing their Leftism. The fiction of "Liberalism" has been a convenient cloak for their excursion into anti-capitalism. One encounters in Council secretaries the same casuistry which drips from the New Deal theorists: they talk glibly of their intent to "reform" and "save" capitalism, while they openly collaborate with partisan elements which are dedicated to the task of destroying it. And since the Liberal mind is a curious thing, there are unquestionably many in the Council who have honestly rationalized themselves into the conviction that their partiality for Radicalized Social Action is an actual *via media* between the reaction of the Right and the Russianism of the Left. What apparently escapes them is the revealing fact that their deviations from Centrism point always to the Left, never to the Right.

It is perplexing to many that the Federal Council, ostensibly speaking for a predominantly conservative, middle-class Protestant church, should have become so unrepresentatively pro-Radical. Why do not the constituent denomina-

tions check it in its insurgency? The answer is to be found in the log-rollings of church politics. The well-paid and highly-publicized secretaryships of the Council have attracted a particularly astute and worldly-wise coterie of clerical politicians. Over the years, they have consolidated themselves into an almost immovable group of "ins". Since the original appointees were mostly of the Social-Gospel faction, the vacancies have been regularly filled from that group. Moreover, the undemocratic form of the Council itself has simplified the task of clique control.

For all practical purposes, the permanent secretariat *is* the Federal Council. Nominally, the Council is a representative body of 287 members, appointed by the heads of the denominations and holding biennial meetings. But these meetings seldom attempt more than the ratification of the interim activities of the president and the secretariat. There is also an executive committee of eighty. This committee meets five or six times a year with an average attendance of twenty-five or thirty, but its actions are usually predetermined by a smaller advisory committee. The actual authority in the organization is vested in the president. Hence, the task of the controlling Social-Gos-

pel faction, through the years, has been simply one of securing the election of one of their number at each biennial meeting. That this has proven easy is evidenced by the fact that not once, since the World War, has the secretariat lost an election. Their grip is made certain by the fact that the presidents now virtually appoint their own successors. The president is empowered to appoint the nominating committee which, in turn, brings in a single nominee when the Council members assemble. Thanks to such a well-oiled system, an unbroken dynasty of Social Gospellers has monopolized the presidency. One of these post-war presidents was actually Bishop McConnell, the co-worker with Dr. Ward in the Communist-sympathizing Methodist Federation.

Many examples could be cited to show the open Left sympathies of the Council officers. Perhaps the staunchest stronghold of Radicalism in the secretariat is the Department of the Church and Social Service, headed by Dr. Worth M. Tippy. The most revealing recent exhibition of Dr. Tippy's Red associations was his support and acceptance of the honorary chairmanship of the Communist-sponsored Associated Film Audiences. This organization frankly declares

in its prospectus that its purpose is to oppose "any film portraying militarist, anti-labor or reactionary attitudes in a favorable light". Actually, its purpose is to intimidate producers and exhibitors by organizing "Liberal" and "Labor" boycotts of pictures which are distasteful to the Radical movement. In effect, the Associated Audiences proposes to become a censor of films. The undeniable Communist character of the organization is shown by the list of organizations which compose its Film Survey Board. Of the twenty organizations named as having representatives, ten are Communist innocents' clubs, or unions controlled by Communist officers, while four are extreme Left-wing groups habitually listed on the sponsoring committees of Communist causes. Such is the body with which Dr. Tippy has affiliated the Motion Picture Committee of the Federal Council, and in which both he and Dr. Roswell P. Barnes, another Council secretary, have accepted offices.

A similar exhibition of the Left partisanship of Dr. Tippy's department was the publication, at a critical stage in the recent steel strike, of a petition signed by 100 "Liberal" clergymen, including Dr. Edgar De Witt Jones of the Federal

Council, urging Mr. Girdler and his fellow steel executives to "sign agreements with the Steel Workers Organizing Committee". Timed as it was, such a petition was tantamount to an endorsement of John L. Lewis.

Scarcely less pleasing to the Leftists have been the activities of the Department of Research and Education, headed by the facile Dr. F. Ernest Johnson. That Dr. Johnson's labors are inspired by a propagandic rather than a mere research purpose was inadvertently revealed by Dr. William Adams Brown at the last Council meeting when he declared that "the teachers in our schools and colleges . . . are particularly susceptible to the type of approach which the Research Department offers". In this connection, it is significant to record that Dr. Johnson is one of Dr. George S. Counts' associates in the "New Social Order" faculty group at Teachers College, Columbia University, and a member of the Board of Directors of the *Social Frontier* magazine. Since he is the most articulate of the Council secretariat, we will get a better understanding of Council social ideals if we examine some of his written statements. In his book, *The Church and Society*, published in 1935, Dr. Johnson presents what

may be regarded as a semi-official interpretation of the Social-Gospel position of his colleagues. He makes it clear that, doctrinally, he is with the Leftists:

Most of our social energy [he explains, alluding to the Ward-Spofford type] has gone into the development of small, idealistic, protesting groups devoted to preaching radical social reconstruction. I believe with all my heart that they are ultimately right in envisaging a revolutionized social order. And as an individual, I can participate happily in this exhilarating process of mentally rebuilding the world. But fidelity to our own purposes imposes a certain obligation to be realistic.

The unique position of the Council is, of course, contained in the final sentence—to be "realistic". In the vocabulary of the Left intelligentsia, realism is a favored word. It is the hallmark of that whole company of careerist intellectuals who affect Liberalism by continuous dabbings with explosive revolutionary ideas, but who shy fearsomely from actual commitments which would cut them off from the comfortable, capitalist-endowed positions to which they cling in churches, colleges, and editorial offices.

Dr. Johnson's volume is almost a *vade mecum* of such discreet revolutionary approaches. He reassures his capitalist readers by stress-

ing the mistaken tactics of the extreme Left. At the same time, he ingratiates himself with the Left by avoiding any disagreement with the fundamental revolutionary thesis of the Marxist. He makes it clear that the Social Gospel imposes an inescapable duty upon the church to take sides with Labor in the Class Struggle. "It is an indictment of our church leadership," he argues, "that while we have been busy with formalities of social philosophy for the future, we have left the Labor movement to fight, with the most meager moral support, the real battles of the moment." But whether the Labor movement which he would champion is to be the conservative unionism of William Green or the revolutionary Communist-allied CIO unionism of John L. Lewis remains undisclosed. Such being his social attitudes, it is not surprising that the studies which Dr. Johnson's department published in 1936, according to the report to the biennial meeting, embraced such Left-haunted subjects as "The Herndon Case", "Civil Liberties", "Consumers' Cooperation", "The Church in Nazi Germany", "The Cotton-Choppers' Strike", and "Religion and Distribution".

Assisting Dr. Johnson in his sec-

retariat is Benson Y. Landis. The Landis role in the Council appears to be that of authority on the subject of non-profit consumers' co-operatives. Mr. Landis, however, has also gained distinction as one of the minor brain-trusters of the New Deal. He was loaned by the Council to "Just-as-Radical" Roosevelt in 1934 to serve as one of the press agents of the NRA. His enthusiasm for New Deal short-cuts was expressed in two books which he authored during the Roosevelt period — *Must the Nation Plan?* and *The Third American Revolution*.

Meanwhile, the official youth movement of the Council has given further comfort to organized Radicalism. To integrate Christian work among the young, the Department of Evangelism in 1934 inspired the organization of a "United Youth Movement" to embrace the youth organizations of all denominations. But this organization has played directly into the hands of Marxists. At the Lakeside, Ohio, conference in 1936, attended by 1500 delegates, this body approved a resolution brought in by its "Commission on Building a Christian Economic Order", declaring:

We believe in a new economic order where the tools of production shall be

owned by those who produce and use the product: labor shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively, including the right to strike and picket: and production is for use rather than profit.

At the same conference, a resolution echoing the Communist Hearst-boycott movement and censoring the Hearst publications was adopted. It is significant that under the direction of the Council officials, the principal concern of this official youth movement has been the prescribed program of "Christian Youth Building a New Social Order", a program which has proven to be tailor-made for the boring-from-within activities of the Socialist and Communist faction.

But probably the most important anti-Capitalist gesture of the Council in recent years was the importation in 1936 of Toyohiko Kagawa, Japanese apostle of consumers' co-operatives, for a Council-sponsored lecture tour of the United States. So important did the Council leaders regard Kagawa's mission that they even went to the length of securing a special dispensation from Secretary of Labor Perkins permitting his entrance to this country despite the fact that he is a sufferer from a communicable disease. Not a Communist, Kagawa is nevertheless a firm opponent of capitalism from a different salient

— the co-operative movement. His tour was everywhere a demonstration for the ideal of a changed social order in which profit should be eliminated, culminating in a convention in Columbus, Ohio, in October, 1936, at which the "Christian Co-operative Fellowship" was launched. The group establishing this Fellowship was described by the *Christian Century* as "committed to the building of a new order". That the new movement is definitely Left-wing in its character is shown by the selection of Dr. Kirkpatrick, whose displacement in the Methodist Church we have noted above, as its executive secretary.

The other major undertaking of the Council during the past year also had unmistakable anti-capitalist implications. This was the much-discussed "Preaching Mission". In an attempt to recover the lost spirit of old-time evangelism, while conforming to the more sophisticated temper of present times, the Council organized a spectacular campaign of revivalistic meetings in the principal centers of the country, with a battery of high-powered church leaders traveling Chautauqua-wise from city to city. To the credit of the organizers of this "Preaching Mission", let it be said that the speakers were repre-

sentatively chosen and embraced both social wings of the American Protestant church. But even here, the fine hand of the prevailing Radical group insinuated itself. As the stellar speaker, around whose pre-eminence the major meetings of the Mission were organized, the selection fell upon Dr. E. Stanley Jones of India, an outspoken leader in the Social Gospel faction. Dr. Jones has been revealingly described by Matthew Spinka as one who "wishes to organize the church into a Christian internationale, and in the end to seize political power by means of the ballot". It is regarded as more than a coincidence that the first city which the Council selected for a Jones appearance was Pittsburgh, where the CIO had then just inaugurated its campaign to organize the steel workers. Speaking there in September, 1936, with the sponsorship of all the Pittsburgh Protestant churches, Dr. Jones made his sympathies plain by an outspoken sermon which seemed to identify Christianity with the Radical cause.

These instances, selected from the far-flung activities of the Council, exhibit the unconcealed Left partisanship which, in recent years, has flawed the work of what should be a disinterested voice of

American Protestantism. That the Council, under its present secretariat, has moved far beyond the social positions of its constituency is shown by the fact that only three or four of the twenty-two affiliated denominations have yet approved the advanced Social Gospel position in their own assemblies. Unfortunately, the undemocratic character of the Council prevents any referendum upon its attitudes by the church rank-and-file. American Protestantism sees itself being committed further and further to political ends which are outside the scope of Christianity, without any effective means of expressing its profound disapproval.

IV

Whether the apparent present ascendancy of the Social Gospel and allied revolutionary factions betokens a continued Leftward march of the Protestant church is problematical. As we have noted, a large measure of the success of the church Radicals has been won by default. The conservative defeatism of the Depression period, followed by the Radical wig-wagging of the Roosevelt régime, has given an extraordinarily favorable background for Leftist initiatives. During most of the years of the last

decade, the Radical direction has been the line of least resistance in all social fields.

That we are on the eve of a reaction — perhaps of far-reaching import — is evident from many indications. That this reaction will strike the McConnells, the Wards, the Caverts, and the Fosdicks with crushing effect is unquestionable. Their weakness, in the face of an aggressive counter-assault, lies in the very methods by which they have presumed to commit Protestantism to a policy approved only by the militant minority: their ranks contain too many opportunistic church leaders whose Radicalism is superficial. That the Left bloc would quickly disintegrate with the turning of the church tide toward the Right is obvious. The example of the World War period when most of the present Social Gospelers were delivering embittered anti-Radical speeches demonstrates how quickly the church can snap into line when the public takes a resolute political attitude.

That the first stirrings of such a counter-movement are being felt in the church is seen in recent developments. The success of the Conference of Methodist Laymen in the most propagandized denomination has inspired similar undertakings. Perhaps the most promis-

ing is the Clergy League which, under the able leadership of the Presbyterian, Rev. Irvin C. Wise, is now organizing non-Socialist clergymen on a nation-wide scale. In the Protestant Episcopal denomination, we have recently witnessed the formation of the Church Layman's Association under the leadership of Merwin K. Hart and Mrs. Annie Ostrom Alexander to combat the activities of the Spoffordites. In a parallel field, there has been the work of Col. E. N. Sanctuary and his Christian Defenders.

Another factor which is proving highly embarrassing to the Radical clique is the uncompromising fight which the Catholic churches are now waging against Communism. Such a crusade cannot be dismissed by the Leftists as a "reactionary" or anti-Labor drive, in view of the advanced position which Catholicism has taken in the championship of Labor causes since the days of the *Rerum novarum*. Its effect is to drive a dangerous wedge between the Marxists and the mere reformists in the church field. So long as the Protestant Social Gospelers decline to follow the Catholic lead in drawing a distinction between Marxism and non-revolutionary reform, they lay themselves open to the suspicion of actual Communist

purposes. Already, the Federal Council has been challenged to meet the issue. On September 22, 1936, Bishop John T. Noll (Catholic) of Fort Wayne, Indiana, sent an invitation to the Council to join in a crusade against Communism. The Executive Committee sidestepped this loaded proposal by authorizing a reply that "no decision can be made until further information concerning the project is available". It is doubtful, however, if the Council will be able to evade the issue as successfully when it comes to them from responsible Protestant sources.

But until such a reaction manifests itself, American Protestantism will undoubtedly continue its present drift. In the church field, as in the school and Labor fields, we find the Leftists

overcoming their inferiority of numbers by their extraordinary superiority as tacticians and propagandists. The church leaders who are working for "a New Social Order" have been conditioned in the testing school of lifelong controversy. As Chesterton once observed, they seem invincible in polemic situations because they have all their intellectual weapons about them. They are a compact and cohesive force on fundamental issues, while their challengers are a disunited army. So long as they remain supreme in American church councils, Protestantism may well lament, with Dean Inge, that "a new apocalypticism has taken the place of the blessed hope of everlasting life; it has driven it out and almost killed it".



OKLAHOMA'S FULLER LIFE SALESMEN

By JEROME MASON

THE Fuller and More Abundant Life, for which the votaries of the New Deal thirst night and day, is at long last flourishing in the sovereign Commonwealth of Oklahoma. In a laboratory sense, the State's New Deal epitomizes to some extent the Fuller and More Abundant Life outlined in the vaporings of the messiahs on Washington's Capitol Hill who are now semi-prostrate in their lairs, inhaling opium, or sustained by the fumes from their long-stemmed *chibouks*. In an historical sense, the news of a sanguine anti-New Deal revolt by the taxpayers of the Sooner State may some day make page-one headlines. But meanwhile, the story of the metamorphosis of Oklahoma from a citadel of Rugged Individualism into a political pie-wagon may serve as a warning to those other States of the Union which are now storming hell-bent up the Road to Utopia.

In the Summer of 1934, when Dr. Roosevelt began to raise the steam pressure in Washington,

Oklahoma set out to elect another governor, a successor to the illustrious William H. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, who had set somewhat of a precedent by enjoying four years in office without serious talk of impeachment. Most of his predecessors had been discredited, hamstrung, or tossed out the State-house door by patriotic legislators. But the legislators never bothered Old Bill, who was wont to dismiss the subject with the contemptuous snort: "Did'ya ever hear of a bunch of rabbits treein' a wild-cat?"

Old Bill, however, was barred by law from succeeding himself, so he singled out an heir apparent, Crown Prince Tom Anglin, speaker of the House of Representatives through the tumultuous days of the Murray reign; and at first everybody thought the Crown Prince was top dog. But there was a tyro in the herd of office-seekers, one Ernest Whitworth Marland, who had lost his oil company to the Wall Street bone-crushers and had got himself elected to Con-

gress to recoup a fragment of his fortunes. This political upstart looked about him and spotted his star of destiny—a glowing nova over the White House—and so he raised the cry: “Bring the New Deal to Oklahoma!”

Old Bill was a Constitutional Democrat—to borrow a euphemism of the New Dealers—a high Tory who surveyed the New Deal with a jaundiced eye. He quarreled violently with the Relief hierarchy at Washington, and refused to be bludgeoned into juggling the taxpayers’ money to match the extravaganzas from Capitol Hill. His Crown Prince, therefore, was held suspect by all right-thinking Democrats, already horrified at Old Bill’s apostasy. Thus it was hardly singular that tyro Marland’s elephantine bellow was hearkened to throughout the breadth of the commonwealth.

The cry was heard in the wilderness by the scrofulous tenant farmer, who paused from chasing fleas and beating his wife. It was heard by the vast army of pool-hall habitués, already suffused by the prospect of an easy life on the dole. It was heard by the seedy micrologians of the party who hang around campaign headquarters, to whom the New Deal meant luscious jobs and no labor. The cry

likewise set up responsive vibrations in the tympani of platoons of indolent clerks, illiterate stenographers, moronic truck drivers, half-witted surveyors, bankrupt shopkeepers, and all other deadbeats panting to be underwritten at the expense of their betters. In one mad rush this motley wave caught up the tyro, and he swamped the Crown Prince.

Thus the New Deal in minor key came trumpeting into Oklahoma; and since that day whatever has transpired has been simply a carbon copy of the amazing antics upon the Potomac. Did the Washington Messiah surround himself with gentlemen renowned for their intellectual amperage? Then Governor Marland summoned his own Brain Trust of tax-squandering virtuosi to advise him in matters of High Policy and Great Public Import. Did Dr. Roosevelt call out the Brookings Institution to survey the state of fiscal affairs and to strew behind it a long-winded catalogue of recommendations to be forthwith forgotten? Then so did the New Dealer of the Second Magnitude, at a cost to the Oklahoma citizen of some \$50,000. The Hon. Dr. Marland even indulged in Fireside Chats in the mellifluous Roosevelt radio manner. Thanks to the public clamor for

the Fuller and More Complete Life, vast systems of bureaucracy were hammered through the Legislature. At the request of Roosevelt, Minor, the Oklahoma solons created a planning board which didn't plan; a highway survey with nothing to survey; a safety commission to bedevil automobile drivers with pledges and stickers; and a conservation commission which conserved nothing, least of all the public funds entrusted to its care.

Then, after the learned lawgivers had duly retired to their homes, there came the yahoos of the Townsend psychosis, likewise thirsting for the Fuller Life. They stampeded through the State, befouling the air and blocking the view. When the dust settled, the yahoos had rammed through a constitutional amendment for an old-age pension and saddled the State with an additional one per cent sales tax. Dr. Marland immediately set up another commission and entrusted it with \$8,470,000 of the public funds. Like the other commissions, this patriotic body marked down as its first consideration the parceling of jobs, seeing to it that they went where votes counted most. Regiments of Uplifters, still smelling of the bowling alleys, were dispatched over the countryside, sniffing around the

thresholds of the destitute aged, prying into their sex lives, if any, leafing through their wills, enumerating their chattels, and ripping out fly-leaves of family Bibles to verify their ages. And every snooper was paid enough to pension five full-blown Relievers, a round dozen of dependent children, and a gross of needy blind.

There was a day, for instance, when Oklahoma had as fair a Capitol as one would want to see anywhere, but that day has vanished. Formerly, one could climb the east steps of the Capitol, walk through a couple of doors, and look west along a wide and glistening corridor. Even a legislator in his cups could find his way to the House of Representatives, without bawling for a guide. But that was before the Fuller and More Complete Life arrived in Oklahoma. Dr. Marland and his Legislature got to creating commissions so fast, packing them with great herds of incompetents, that the Governor's name hardly was painted on his office door before there was a loud clamor for more room. Crews of carpenters and plasterers were fetched, and began to partition off the corridors to make more office space. As fast as the Legislature created a new commission, the carpenters boarded

up another corridor. Now one squeezes in and out of the building through narrow defiles, and cannot get up and down what is left of the corridors and rotundas without stumbling over Relief clerks idly sharpening pencils, or welfare stooges playing at ring-the-gobboon with jawsful of rough-cut chewing tobacco, all at State expense. Finally, there were no more corridors, nor crannies in the basement, and the Legislature went home and fresh coveys of pap-suckers were moved into the chambers of cogitation and deliberation.

In the Autumn of 1936, when the lawmakers returned to town to resume Uplifting, all these white-collared Relievers had to be lugged out into the hallways. Newspaper reporters, scurrying up and down the avenues trying to keep pace with the affairs of the new commissions, bureaus, surveys, *et al*, leaped about on pogo sticks, or vaulted or jumped over desks, typewriters, filing cabinets, spittoons, blonde cuties, lazy rascals playing tit-tat-toe, and broad-bellied directors, commissioners, and administrators. Naturally, one would expect to hear a great hullabaloo for a new State Office Building, and it was not slow in bursting. The lawmakers reassembled to propose ponderously a million-dollar edi-

fice: it will be erected in due course with the cash the State obtained by drilling oil wells under the eaves of the Capitol.

In the midst of this din of the wastrels, some High Tory critics pointed out that all the State really needed to do was to exterminate the otiose agents of the Fuller and More Complete Life — and there would be plenty of room. But the suggestion was regarded as horrid and shocking.

II

If Oklahoma was in one hell of a financial fix when the Fuller and More Complete Life burst like the dawn upon her, she is in worse shape now. True enough, the Faro Dealers in C minor got her when she was pregnant with debt, but they proceeded further to impregnate her with approximately \$6,900,000 more the first biennium; and they remain to display the fecundity of a colony of guinea pigs. Neither the Lord nor anyone else has the slightest idea what the deficit will be at the end of two more years, although the chairman of the Senate's revenue committee has estimated it at some \$23,000,000 — and this in a State once so conservative that it provided no debt beyond \$400,000 could be con-

tracted without a constitutional amendment!

In spite of the palpable fact that taxes are now higher, more numerous, and more pestiferous than ever before — the Sooners are bled for \$9,000,000 more a year than five years ago — the patriotic lawgivers, sworn to raid the treasury to the increase of the pool-hall touts and other such objects of New Deal veneration, promptly hauled off and appropriated \$6,000,000 for Relief and \$25,000,000 for the support of Little Red School Houses in districts too parsimonious to pay the teachers a living wage. They ladled out another \$700,000 for free text books, although free texts from the days of Old Bill still cluttered the offices of one-half the county school superintendents in the State, and the only aim of the sponsors was a Fuller and More Complete Life for the school-book publishers and their agents. Then they tried to appropriate out of the treasury (*i.e.*, thin air), \$2,000,000 to retire another old State debt, being paid off with part of the gasoline tax. The laudable goal of this move was to permit the highway plunderbund to get its clutches on more of the taxpayers' silver. Later, when it became apparent that the gasoline tax returns were not pouring in fast enough to spend in

orthodox New Deal manner, the Legislature without ado authorized issuance of \$35,000,000 in gasoline tax anticipation notes. Thus was extended to the road contractors, the asphalt trust, and the cement patriots the Fuller and More Complete Life for some time yet to come.

Another \$1,700,000 was provided for a brand new State police force. This New Deal boon seated a half-dozen political stalwarts in luscious jobs, and some 120 lesser lights of the Party were placed in classy uniforms and shiny automobiles and turned loose upon the highways to make nuisances out of themselves among honest automobile drivers. To keep the patrol in gasoline and hard liquor, motorists were taxed at the rate of fifty cents a head for the privilege of driving on the highways which their own gasoline taxes had somehow managed to get built. In brief, the benevolent lawmakers proceeded to appropriate for everything everybody asked for. If this town demanded a new bridge, two were handed out; and if that college wanted a new building, the legislators erected three. Nothing was too good for the horde of mendicants that jammed the galleries, hemmed in the lawgivers in the cloakrooms, and stumbled over the

Welfare Commission's cuspidors in the corridors.

But finally, when Budget Day came around and the leeches and messiahs — schoolmarms, wardens, superintendents, commissioners, directors, orphanage fuglemen, sanatoria doctors, and multitudinous college deans — all assembled and proposed the damnedest budget ever heard of in Oklahoma — some \$60,000,000 — there was at long last a loud yelp from the taxpayer. A gang of barber-shop economists, led by one Sneed, ganged together under the Bar Sinister of the axehandle — the axehandle was to symbolize hewing down taxes — and indulged in a great yowling every time a tax or an appropriation bobbed up in the Legislature. This Axehandle Brigade was of course immediately set upon by the tax-spending disciples of the Fuller and More Complete Life, and howled down at once by these worthies as garroters of dependent children, backstabbers of helpless blind, hangmen of indigent aged, apostles of the Horse and Buggy, exponents of the Little Red School House era of education, prostitutes of the Oil Trust, reactionaries of the deepest dye, frauds, mountebanks, amateur economists, Republicans, nigger-lovers, pimps for the Interests, pet-

tifoggers of the corporations, odalisques for the utilities, gold-lined busybodies, vivisectionists, atheists, Communists, Bolsheviki, Trotskyites, Liberty Leaguers, panderers of the press, forgers, horse-thieves, Anti-Christers, patricides, assassins, regicides, incestuous infidels, Roosevelt haters, Hooverites, Al Smith Democrats, and other opprobria that fell to their flip-flapping tongues. Like heaps of ripe garbage, unlimited invective tumbled upon the hapless skulls of the Axehandlers. Their voices cried impotently in a wilderness, the spending sped forward at a glorious clip, and there was not so much as a half-hearted attempt to put the budget on the scales to see where the balance was. Drunk with the ineffable taste of New Deal extravagance, the Sooner sailors were on a real he-man spree.

III

The freedom with other people's money with which the Oklahoma agents of the Fuller and More Complete Life are blessed, has naturally led to intolerance of freedom in other directions. The Minor Messiahs in lofty places will not tolerate lip from a college professor, and they writhe at the liberties taken by the press.

The highest cerebral center of the State is the University of Oklahoma at Norman, hard by the Capital, and thus within the very glare of the New Faro Dealers. (There is another institution of the Higher Learning, Oklahoma A. and M., but it is run by Baptists and the economic frauds of the Agricultural Extension Service.) If the politicians finally have their way, they will be amputating the University professor's *medulla oblongata* and stuffing his occiput with excelsior. Take, for instance, the public utterances of one learned member of the Marland-appointed board of regents. In words similar to these he asseverated: "We are for academic freedom, first, last and always — but that gives no license to half-baked professors and their half-baked theories." These brave words of the Great Man were applauded roundly, nor did even the most discerning ask him to enlarge upon his definition of baking.

Hence the learned dons rattle in their boots with each political irruption, for the politicos apply Old Hickory's philosophy of spoils to State schools with a ruthless hand. Old Bill, who sneered at the Higher Learning as it now is practiced with Football, Masque Ball, and Highball, left the academic

spoils to his kinsmen, who turned out of doors whole armies of fairly-qualified teachers and moved in brigades of dreadful hacks, all carrying the stench of the stalls. And when the Fuller and More Complete Life put in its appearance, most of this bucolic intelligentsia was retired to the farms, or to selling insurance, and fresh herds of incompetents, only slightly more aromatic, were brought in from God knows where. Most of the professors who survive the wholesale decapitations every four years take to the Little Bethels and sing in the choir or beat the drum in the Christian Endeavor band, lest they be suspected of heresy, for in Oklahoma, heresy gets the short shrift of a bull in the abattoir. The more Godless college gentry hang on to their jobs only because of their erudition and two corollary factors: first, politicians have no idea what the professors are talking about; and second, the politicians have no relatives with wit enough to teach the professors' classes. So, despite the great slaughter among teachers of education, psychology, economics, and other such pseudo-sciences, the biologists, physicists, anthropologists, paleontologists, and geologists putter away in their laboratories, mindful, but not fearfully so, of

the carnage going on about them.

A few competent teachers somehow manage to survive. Dr. W. B. Bizzell, president of the University, is a highly literate scholar who has managed throughout three administrations to cling both to his principles and his scalp, albeit the latter has turned gray in the process. And there is Dr. Paul B. Sears, a botany professor, whose *Deserts on the March* is the most racy and readable work extant on the rape of America's natural resources. He has been partially taken into the arms of the Newer Deal, but mainly because of the wide acclaim his work has brought, and not because of any genuine admiration for his brains.

Freedom of the press likewise seems to be held in little esteem, not only by the Fuller Life Salesmen, but by some of the editors as well, although even in the darkest quagmires of Arkansas you can start rifles to cracking by suggesting to a country editor that the press be throttled. When a nonentity in State office recently lamented the lack of respect shown public servants by the newspaper trade and proposed federal regulation of the press just as the government now purifies and embellishes the radio, there was little or no outcry. Some editors replied that they

could recall a day when there were a few public servants worthy of respect; and others pointed out learnedly that regulation of the newspaper could not be carried out with the same dispatch as regulation of the radio because of the vast difference in the conduct of these two great enterprises. But none of them seemed to understand that what this Uplifter was actually proposing was complete and actual sacking of the freedom of the press.

There have been several abortive attempts to oust from the legislative halls certain journalists whose lash has cracked across the thin hides of the agents of the Fuller Life, but the patriots got only sneers for their pains. Once they even hauled in an editor of an Oklahoma City newspaper and tried to browbeat him. But the editor was a pretty tough cookie himself, and had knocked around the world too long to be cowed by the eminent Sooner statesmen; he gave them back better than they sent and emerged from the inquisition in triumph.

IV

And what of the Forgotten Man — the taxpayer — during this Newer Dealers' humanitarian ex-

pedition to fetch home the Fuller and More Complete Life for the underprivileged ne'er-do-wells? He too has obtained Relief, but in another direction. The Fuller Life Doctors have suspected all along that he suffers a plethora in the region of his purse, and so they have plied the leech freely to relieve him of hypertension. If he is lucky, he eats, and the good doctors tap his veins with a food tax, lest he rupture a blood vessel in his duodenum. When he lights a cigarette, they open an artery with a twenty per cent excise to stave off bronchorrhagia. The solicitous phlebotomists subject the patient to kindred lettings when he snaps on the reading lamp, picks up a telephone to call his pastor, buys an automobile, or addresses himself to a beaker of legal beer. (One exasperated State senator, suspected of being a Tory, proposed in a round of furious debate a nose meter for the taxpayer's proboscis, to ward off pneumonia and to levy a modest excise on the air he now gets for nothing.) The Fuller Life Surgeons fall back on sterner measures and make deeper inci-

sions than ever before with income tax scalpels when the patient's temperature mounts each March 15. And when the patient begins to kick and bellow, and call for his automobile license, the messiahs humor him and let him have it — but it is some twenty per cent dearer than when the malaise first gripped him. (The Great Physicians found out only the other day that the patient was buying his license more cheaply than any patient in surrounding States, and, fearful that such a rich diet would bring on the gout, they rushed to concoct a remedy.)

True, the patient sometimes grows morose when he reflects that the end of such copious blood-letting is a well-primed bar'l. But when he squawks, and heaves the thermometer at the Good Doctors' heads, they quiet his choler by giving him — free of charge — a swift and resounding kick in the pants.

For this last circumstance, the taxpayer has sound reason for giving thanks unto God. Two years hence he will be lucky to have the pants.



THE GOOD WIFE

A Story

BY WHITFIELD COOK

SHE awoke, as she always did, at seven o'clock; but without her usual peace of mind. Usually upon waking she immediately found a complacent happiness in the thought that she was Lucy Gibson, that she led a well-ordered life, and that at the moment she was in a comfortable apple-green bed beneath perfectly matched apple-green blankets. But this morning she found small comfort in these facts. Something was hanging over her; some unpleasant worry was lurking in the back of her mind, ready to spring forward and spoil her day. And then she remembered what it was. It was Edward. Edward, after all those years of domestic routine, of marital quiescence, had forgotten his obligations to her and had behaved in a most ungentlemanly manner. And his action had no rhyme or reason; that was the annoying part of it. If he'd had some reason for going, if she hadn't been a good wife to him, then one might understand.

But to go off suddenly after twenty-seven years of contented married life . . . well, it was barbaric. That was the only word for it. It was a recurrence of that wildness to which he'd been subject before they were married.

But she mustn't let it upset her. She mustn't think about Edward right now. He might spoil the routine of her morning. She would take up his problem in due order.

With a will-power which it had taken years and the loss of numerous friends to develop, she dismissed Edward from her mind. As she did so, she turned her large body over and lay squarely on her back. She placed her two thick braids in front of her so they ran like narrow roads over the steep hill of her bosom and on to the vast rolling country beyond. She looked at her body, and she thought of her fifty years of age not with sadness as some women might but with pride. To her, fifty years meant a fine ripe maturity, a seasoned wis-

dom, a matronly dignity, all things which she placed high above the advantages of youth. Then, too, fifty was such a nice round number, and her neat mind liked round numbers. In Roman numerals it could be designated by a single elegant L. And she often told herself happily that she was exactly twice as old as the Chinese Republic and a third as old as the Constitution of the United States. Interesting little facts like that were nice to know. They sometimes filled gaps in difficult conversations.

It was clear this morning. The sun poured in through the Venetian blinds and fell in a neat pattern on the mulberry carpet. On bright, clear days she could accomplish a great deal. Of course, she accomplished a great deal every day. Her friends were always saying, "Lucy Gibson accomplishes so much". But on fine days there was an extra little urge which made her want to accomplish more than might be humanly possible. She crammed fine days with as many separate accomplishments as she could. At the end of one particularly beautiful Saturday last spring she had to her credit no less than twenty-seven major accomplishments and thirty-two minor ones. She smiled, thinking of that red-

letter day. Her friends had all said, "I don't see how you do it. You're a wonder." She hadn't contradicted them. But this particular morning, unfortunately, had to be spent at her desk, and Mrs. Mills was coming to wash her hair. This afternoon, however, she would get outdoors and make the most of the lovely weather. It would be a good day for charitable work, so she'd begin by visiting some of her poor to see if they were behaving themselves. She'd wear her bright-flowered sport dress. It was a bit gaudy, but it would be a cheery note in the midst of squalor. (The Psychology of Dress in Connection with Welfare Work, by Mrs. Edward Gibson. *Christian Welfare League Bulletin*. Feb. 1933.) She'd visit the new Eugene Field Memorial Playground to be sure it was being played in by enough children. She'd plead with Mr. Ballard of the Telephone Company not to mutilate those lovely elms on Whahitchit Avenue. Then she'd stop at the storage house and see about her furs; she'd buy *How to Win Friends and Influence People* as a birthday gift for poor dear Aunt Sarah; she might pick up a corset at that special sale at Littlebaum's. And she'd still have time after that to take in Alice Henkle's tea. Not that she liked Alice Hen-

kle's teas. There were always too many cocktails and not enough tea. But she was curious to see who'd be there.

Well, her afternoon was planned. Throwing back the covers with one vigorous sweep, she nosed her plump pointed feet into mules, and striding across to the window, she tried optimistically to bend over and touch the floor twenty-four times. Then she went into the bathroom, tucked her thick braids up under a grotesque lavender bathing cap and took a cold shower. It made her body, which she had to confess sometimes felt flabby in the morning, tingle and grow firm. Drying herself, she stepped on to the scales. She had neither lost nor gained. Nothing to worry about. Still 183. She dabbed an astringent on her face and then enjoyed the vigor of brushing her teeth systematically up and down with the approved motion.

When she emerged from the bathroom, Erna had come and drawn the blinds and left her breakfast tray on the little table by the window. She glanced with happy anticipation at the silver covers shining in the sun. She thought of the delicious foods which they concealed: sweet, strained orange juice, smooth, creamy oatmeal, toast oozing with butter, and

strong coffee. It was a nice thought; she was glad she was the type of woman who was not afraid to enjoy her food. That, she thought, was perhaps the secret of her amazing energy.

She dressed quickly and efficiently, putting on each article with a minimum of waste movement, gaining confidence as she covered herself, really enjoying the restriction and modesty which clothing enforced upon her. Once in her girdle, she felt as trim and co-ordinated as an athlete; with the addition of her brassiere she gained the airiness of a nymph; and when finally safe in her bloomers, she relaxed in the comfort of invulnerable security and was ready to face the world. After straightening her neat, brown wool dress over her hips, she sat at her dressing table and unbraided her hair. Then she brushed it one hundred times, re-braided it and wound the braids around her head. It was an impressive, if slightly ponderous style of coiffure. She liked it as well now as she had twenty years ago. She studied her reflection in the glass, as she added a few final hairpins in the nape of her neck. Straight of back and firm of lip, she sat poised and elegant, her eyes sparkling and the sunlight glinting through the down on her double chin. Seeing

this personage, you would know at once that she was important; and that was what pleased Mrs. Gibson.

II

She sat before her breakfast tray, opened her napkin and tucked it in her neck to protect the brassiered shelf before her. She did this slowly, masochistically delaying the sweet moment when she would lift the glass of orange juice to her lips. And then she drank and felt the gratifying satisfaction she always felt at the first touch of food. She sipped it delicately with little gurgling sounds and opened her morning paper. She looked at the front-page headlines. War in Europe. War in Asia. Why didn't the League of Nations do something? The invading nations should be punished like naughty children. That's all they were anyway, naughty children. Child psychology should come in very handy in international relations. She must write a paper on that some day. She turned to the obituaries and was a little disappointed to find that no one she knew had died. She read one item very carefully; it was about an old man dying at the Hopevale Private Home for the Aged. She thought it might be

her father; but it wasn't. Of course not; they would have let her know.

As she spread sugar on her oatmeal, she stopped to think of her father. She hadn't thought of him for several weeks, not since she'd sent her last monthly letter. She remembered, though she didn't really want to, how trying it had been when he'd lived here with them. How he'd sat in his room, half-dressed, shouting orders at everyone in the house or reading aloud from his disgusting old Anatole France, surrounded by piles of clippings and enormous cigars. How he'd insisted upon coming down to dinners and would sit drooling and dribbling and, egged on by Edward, would tell how he built up the sleighbell industry. Really, why did she have to remember these things! And then that last awful incident, when he had burst in upon her as she was entertaining the executive committee of the Woman's Club and begun a vigorous listing of his Spanish-American War wounds, ending up by taking out his glass eye and bouncing it in the palm of his hand. And then how he had laughed when she reprimanded him later. That had been the last straw. That's when she'd sent him to the Hopevale Home. And he really was better off there, too.

They could take much better care of him than she could. It was too bad he didn't like it; funny how old people never seemed to realize what was best for them. But then, Father, even when he was young, never knew what was best for him, nor how to behave himself. And his influence upon her mother, Mrs. Gibson thought, had always been most regrettable. She remembered when she was fourteen, back in Ithaca, creeping downstairs one night and seeing Mother drinking whisky with Father while she sat on his lap. They were both laughing hilariously and enjoying themselves immensely. She had noted with relief that the shades were well-drawn and had then crept back to bed and prayed for them both. How often had she prayed for her father. Not that her prayers had ever had much effect!

She frowned a little. She must wipe this morbid and unpleasant train of thought from her mind. Why did she have to remember only disagreeable things this morning when it was such a nice day and all! She concentrated on her breakfast once again, pouring a little extra cream on the oatmeal that remained in her dish. And then, without meaning to, she was thinking of Edward. It was the cream that did it. If Edward were here

now, he'd be reciting his favorite little ditty. He had made it up, and Mrs. Gibson had never thought it at all funny. But she could just hear him saying it in his soft, compelling voice:

Lucy G. ate lots of cream,
Which made her very broad of beam.

It was neither true nor amusing, thought Lucy. It was just silly. One of the most irritating things about Edward was his silly comic spirit, so out of place in a successful business man.

She bit into her toast almost savagely. Certainly she hadn't meant to think about Father and Edward. Of all people in the world, they were the two most capable of upsetting her digestion. She must think of something pleasant and constructive, for instance the paper she was preparing for the Current Event Meeting of the Garden Club on Can Anything Improve Youth's Morals: If So What? She thought seriously about that for a while. Then she moved to her desk and made a few notes.

When Erna returned to get the breakfast tray and brought the mail, Mrs. Gibson had the dinner menu all written out for Sally, who was a good but unimaginative cook. She had written it neatly in purple ink on a blue slip of paper. And after the dessert she had put

down the Thought for Today. Each morning she sent Sally a Thought for the Day, some little gem to stir the intellect. She liked to be constantly improving her servants. Today's Thought was "A thing of beauty is a joy forever". Let Sally think about that for a while; perhaps it would have a beneficial effect on the appearance of her salads.

She took the mail from Erna and glanced through it. A letter from the Mountainview Hospital. Would she help raise funds for their new contagious wing? A note from the Junior High School. Would she be a judge at their exhibition of children's paintings? A letter in her daughter's abominable handwriting. Wouldn't Evelyn *ever* improve her penmanship? The October *Woman's Home Companion*. Good. She could read another installment of that Kathleen Norris serial in bed tonight. And no word from Edward. Wasn't it about time he at least wrote to say he was sorry?

But she wasn't going to concentrate on Edward yet. She must stick to her schedule.

III

She put on her pince-nez and opened the letter from Evelyn. Eve-

lyn was having a ducky time. (Lucy always had to brace herself mentally against the shock of her daughter's disgraceful literary style.) It was all so exciting and she loved New York. Her room had turned out to be perfectly sweet with a swell romantic view of roofs and chimneys. She and Harriet Parks, the girl in the next room, were very chummy now and went everywhere together and looked for jobs together. And there were a bunch of swell boys downstairs who were just breaking into the theater, too. And they all had a lot of fun together. She just loved it all. And she *was* going to be a great actress; she felt it more than ever. And did her mother know how thrilling it was to be doing the one thing in the world you wanted to do? She sent love. And in a P.S. she mentioned seeing her father.

So she had seen Edward. Then he *was* in New York. Well, he would at least make sure that Evelyn was living in a respectable place. Or would he? Edward had very peculiar ideas. It was he who said she might go to New York in the first place, even urged her to go. What was it he'd told her? "If there's something you feel you must do, do it. And don't let any one stop you." That was outrage-

ous advice for a parent to give! And a girl of twenty had no business living alone in a strange city surrounded by goodness-only-knows-what type of person. She should never have let her go; her desire for a stage career should have been stamped out firmly when it first appeared. Girls that age didn't know their own minds. She should have seen to it that Evelyn got married and settled down. That's what any normal girl wanted to do, anyway. Well, it was not too late. She still could maneuver her back home and get her safely married, so she could have a happy, useful life like her mother.

Lucy leaned back in her chair and wondered why the members of her family always made things so difficult for her. If they'd only let her do their thinking for them, everything would go smoothly.

She skimmed through Evelyn's letter again. She didn't like the casual tone of it; and she certainly didn't like the sound of those boys downstairs. Goodness knows she wasn't narrow, but she knew what young men were nowadays. They thought of nothing but sex. She knew. She kept her ear to the ground. A mother had to. That's why she was considered by the Garden Club to be rather an authority on youth. Once she had

even written a paper on Sex Problems and done it well, too, considering that she'd never had any of her own. She thought with quiet pride how wholesomely sexless her life had been. All through her girlhood she had simply ignored what had been pointed out to her as the facts of life; and she had continued to ignore them, as much as possible, right through marriage and the birth of a child. For instance, during those moments of what she preferred to call unavoidable intimacy with Edward, she had always tried to think of more interesting things, such as her old coin collection or the possibility of a woman President of the U. S. A.

But this wasn't getting Evelyn married. Who was there who might be a likely husband for her? Willard Spear. Well, yes, Willard Spear might be very possible. He was quiet and gentlemanly. He seemed to have a fairly good mind. And nice original ideas. His mother had told Lucy that at Yale, Willard was the only boy that had window boxes. That certainly showed something. Yes, she must ask Mrs. Spear and Willard to tea. She wrote their names on her memorandum pad.

There was a knock on the door; it was Mrs. Mills come to do her hair. Lucy admitted her with a

gracious smile and a cheery "Good-morning". What would she do without dear old Mrs. Mills? She supposed that some day she would lose her. It was inevitable that Mrs. Mills, who was well along in years, would either die or give in to her rheumatism. And *who*, wondered Lucy, could she ever get to replace her? She'd have to find some one, for she wouldn't dream of setting foot in a public beauty parlor.

She smiled again at Mrs. Mills, feeling the old lady deserved that extra little bonus for having washed her hair consistently well for twenty-five years. She liked to recognize worthiness in a person. Virtue should be rewarded. She thought of her generous method of rewarding virtue in the case of poor Mrs. Sorenson, from whom she bought her jams and jellies. Mrs. Sorenson was apt to bear too many children for a person in her circumstances, so whenever she remained issueless for a period of twelve months, Lucy gave her ten dollars. It was, she felt, an interesting and dignified method of supporting birth control.

When Mrs. Mills was ready, Lucy left her desk and went into the bathroom where she put on a white rubber cape and bowed as in prayer over the wash basin. And while her head was being lathered

and scrubbed and rinsed, she gave herself up to thoughts about marriage. It would be pleasant to steer Evelyn into a satisfactory marriage. Afterwards she would have a sense of a job well done. She'd had that feeling, she remembered, after her own marriage. What a satisfaction it had been to capture Edward. Her father had wanted her to go to college; but she had politely declined. She felt that college could give her nothing; besides which, she was intuitively anxious to become a matron. That was her destiny. It had taken her several years to find Edward, but when she had once found him she knew that he was the man. He had been elusive at first and seemed to have a desire for traveling off to far places rather than for marriage. But she had been able to change that, just as she had been able to persuade him that newspaper work was really not his field and that brown was not becoming to him and that two cups of coffee at dinner were quite unnecessary. And she had obtained for him that safe steady job with Dawes and Martin, which no one could deny was one of the best and most conservative publishing firms. Their textbooks set a very high standard. And Edward had been promoted and promoted until he had become a vice-president

and had made a more than comfortable amount of money, which she had helped him invest. His life certainly had been successful. What would it have been, she wondered, without her? He would no doubt have led the unstable, vagabondish existence of a journalist and probably been killed in a revolution in some obscure country. She was moved when she thought of what she had saved him from. And now, instead of being grateful, instead of appreciating her, he had . . . But no, she couldn't face that thought at this moment. Not with her head in the washbowl. She must hold her head high when she faced what Edward had done to her.

When finally she did take up that exasperating problem, her hair was dry and once more wound neatly around her head and Mrs. Mills had departed. And since she had just finished her schedule for the morning by deciding upon a border of ageratum for the East garden next year and writing to Evelyn to be sure and keep her door locked at night, there no longer seemed any good reason for not thinking about Edward.

IV

She sat at her desk and reread the letter he had left:

Dear Lucy,

I am leaving you. I'm afraid it will have to be called simply a walk-out. I don't think you will suffer. You may be a little shocked and surprised, but you will soon find that your life without me will be smoother and more the way you wish it. In many ways I'm afraid I've been a thorn in your side. And you, my dear, have definitely been a thorn in mine. And now is the time for me to go. I have worked hard, as you wished, and earned enough money to keep you comfortable for the rest of your life. Almost everything is in your name already. Evelyn has no need of me any longer; she is starting out on her own. And certainly you have no need of me. Your clubs and charities and social life must satisfy you far more than I ever have. You must admit, if you are completely honest with yourself, that you'll be greatly relieved to be free of me. And I shall be immeasurably relieved to be free of you and free of this immaculate house and this immaculate garden and this immaculate life that should never be called life.

If I had ever loved you, Lucy, things might be different. But I never have, any more than you have ever loved me. When I was courting you — or did you court

me? — you may have loved what you thought you could make of me, and I may have been fascinated by the idea of warming the most frigidly beautiful virgin I had ever met. And you *were* beautiful. You see, I am not unmindful of your good qualities. For instance, one can have nothing but admiration for your persistent attempts to push through the legislature that bill declaring the song sparrow to be our State Bird. That, Lucy, is really a sweet thought. You have abundant energy and an enviable ability to persevere. And I have long been intrigued by your haunting resemblance (which you share with so many matrons) to some fabulous prehistoric sheep. But aside from these items, I can credit you with nothing. And for years you've bored hell out of me. If this seems incredible and shocking to you, be assured that it's true. The worm will turn, you know, though I am not really the worm you tried to make me, not quite, thank God! For most of those years that I've been living by your side like some leech-like male that attaches himself to a large female, I've been disgusted by your selfishness, your lack of humor, and especially by your inability to live. After fifty years on earth you have no idea what life is about. I think I have,

and I want to find out if I can live it my way before it's too late. A stagnant, secure existence is not for me, and I've endured it as long as I can. That's the reason I'm leaving. I don't care one way or the other about a divorce. If you want one, I won't stand in your way.

Knowing you, I feel quite certain that you won't be able to believe this letter. Your vanity won't let you. You will look for another reason for my going. Well, you can think I'm with another woman or think I'm mad, if it's any comfort to you. Neither is true. The truth, as I've tried to state it, is simply that I'm fed up with you and with the stifling life you think is good.

I've resigned from Dawes and Martin, and for a while I'll be at the Waldorf in New York if you have to reach me for anything. But don't try to get me to come back.

EDWARD

Frowning in spite of herself, she put the letter down. She was not emotionally disturbed by it. Even when she had first read it, she had not allowed herself to be emotionally disturbed. But she was annoyed by the unjustness of it and by the fact that it proved Edward to have a surprising amount of latent initiative. Of course, she *had* tried to get him to come back. She

had written him a severe, well-phrased letter, in which she told him bluntly that middle-aged men just didn't do such things. She had said, however, that she was ready to forgive him and that when he came back all would be as before. That had been ten days ago, and he still hadn't appeared. She'd expected him back in a week. Now she had to decide what her next move would be.

As she folded Edward's letter and returned it to a small file marked Unfinished Business, she wondered if she should go to New York and see him. She didn't want to. It would be a great nuisance, and it would mean cancelling several very important civic engagements. But in spite of these things, she suddenly realized she must go. It was her duty, her duty to Edward. She must not let him make a fool of himself. She must be the wiser of the two and prevent him from doing something he'd be sorry for later. Why, probably already he was regretting an action which in the final analysis could undoubtedly be traced to some such cause as a sluggish liver. Yes, she would go to New York tomorrow and go directly to the Waldorf and face Edward squarely. She would demand one—just one—sane and sensible reason for his

leaving her. And, of course, he wouldn't have a leg to stand on. And she would bring him home. That was her move; why hadn't she thought of it days ago.

Having made that decision, she stopped frowning with a concentrated effort and picked up the paper. She turned to the society page, which she had neglected. She read an account of Agnes Fleming's rather over-elaborate wedding and saw that the Osborns were back from Mexico. Then she read that among those who had sailed for Europe on the *Berengaria* was Mr. Edward Gibson, former member of the firm of Dawes and Martin. . . .

V

She sat stunned; and all her plans fell to pieces. She had finally to face the truth that Edward was gone forever. He'd meant it; he'd meant what he said in that incredible letter. After all she'd done for him. After all she'd done. There was a great moral lesson in this somewhere.

For a moment she couldn't move. None of her normal reactions seemed to fit this case. She took off her pince-nez, because she thought there was a faint possibility of her crying. But she didn't

cry. She didn't do anything. She just sat there. And she had a curious feeling that she had never had before. She felt alone. Completely alone. As if she would never again know another human being. She listened; and there didn't seem to be a sound in the house, nor even outside. Completely alone.

But how ridiculous of her! Almost neurotic. The idea of Lucy Gibson being neurotic! How her friends would laugh. Why, she often boasted that she hadn't a nerve in her body.

The luncheon gong sounded and stirred her to action. She took Edward's letter out of the Unfinished Business file and placed it in another marked Old Correspond-

ence Worth Saving. She rose and going into the bathroom and locking the door, she washed her hands carefully and dried them. Then she returned to her desk and taking a piece of pink cleaning-cloth from a drawer, she polished her pince-nez. Replacing them, she went downstairs.

It had been a busy morning and a trying one. But now there was lunch ahead. And no amount of mental strain must mar the delicate physical pleasure of her lunch. As she drew her chair up to the immaculate table set for one, she hoped that in spite of all her troubles she would enjoy her cheese soufflé, her hot biscuits, her cream puff, and her tea.



EDITORIAL

The Overprivileged

IN THE old days, politicians used to praise the United States as a land of "equal rights for all and special privileges for none". Nowadays they talk about it as a land of the Underprivileged and the Overprivileged; so it would seem that privilege must somehow and at some time have come in. The modern politician, being "Liberal and Progressive", is intensely concerned about the Underprivileged and has no use for the Overprivileged, but calls them by such names as Economic Royalists, American Macaulays, Princes of Entrenched Greed, and so on. In fact, this sort of name-calling is about all that distinguishes political Liberalism at the moment, as far as we can see. But what we particularly notice is that, from being a land of no privilege to anybody (according to our politicians), America has come to be (according to the same authority) a land where Underprivilege is rampant and Overprivilege is doomed to take the count.

This is all very well, but some rather pretty questions come up in

our mind whenever we hear these terms used. Is underprivilege an absolute thing, as our Liberal and Progressive politicians seem to think? If so, by what scale is it fixed? At what point on that scale does an overprivileged person become underprivileged? Dr. Roosevelt says that a third of our population is "ill-nourished, ill-clad, and ill-housed", so possibly this should be taken as the characteristic mark of underprivilege. But here again, what is the criterion? Even by frontier standards, the Digger Indians, who were certainly a part of our population, were ill-nourished, ill-clad, and ill-housed, and if the approach of "civilization" has left any of them alive, they still are. But are they, or were they ever, underprivileged in virtue of this status? Certain people who wore store clothes, did not live in tepees, and disliked grasshopper soup, thought they were, and made quite a point of contending that the Diggers were very miserable. But here we have a reminder of Mark Twain's saying that while the opinion of natural-

ists about a bug was no doubt quite valuable, he would rather have the opinion of the bug. It turned out that the Diggers were not miserable; on the contrary, they were having a very good time of it indeed, and they were not at all interested in having their condition improved, but resented strenuously any attempts to improve it.

We are not now concerned with discussing these questions, but merely with pointing out that they exist and are eminently debatable. We bring them forward as evidence that demagogues have a way of using relative and questionable terms as if they were absolute and definitive. This trick is part of their sorry trade of rabble-rousing. Dr. Roosevelt in particular is an adept at it; and since he has chosen to make the White House an official sounding-board for the cause of the Underprivileged, it is useful to show that the terms he uses should be made to stand a little analysis before they are accepted.

The hullabaloo about the Underprivileged which is being steadily echoed from the sounding-board at Washington, emanates from four sources. First, our powerful and bloated bureaucracy. According to the latest available official figures, there are now 841,664 jobholders on the federal payroll. This

does not include the army and navy establishments, the federal judiciary establishment, or the Congressional establishment. It is an amazing number: close to 1,000,000 persons looking to Washington for their handouts. Out of the grand total, 268,573 are new; that is, they have been put on the payroll within the last five years by the Roosevelt Administration: and of these new appointees, much more than half — 152,578, to be exact — are political jobholders, pure and simple; that is, they do not come under civil-service regulations. Now all these people know that the Underprivileged have the votes, and they find in this mass voting-power the same instrument — or shall we say the same weapon? — which Hitler used so successfully in Germany; and therefore they are vociferous for the Underprivileged.

Second, the professional Left-wingers. Their careers lie definitely in the business of keeping the Underprivileged stirred up by a sense of being downtrodden and oppressed; and hence their bread is buttered on the same side as the jobholders' bread. Their main interest runs in exact harmony with that of all our jobholders, from the President down to the humblest federal servant; and in the furtherance of that interest the jobholder

and the agitator-organizer go hand in hand. No wonder that Mr. Earl Browder has a good word for Dr. Roosevelt! Mr. John Lewis can get money and power only by keeping control of the masses, and he can do this only by a policy, not of reason and justice, but of clamor and turmoil and obstructionism. Mr. Lewis' control of the masses, obtained and upheld in this way, means largely a control of the mass-vote, which is interesting to the jobholder and inclines him to applaud Mr. Lewis' policy, as long as it is successful, and more or less discreetly to make it his own. Hence in all that Dr. Roosevelt and his associates have to say about the pitiable state of the Underprivileged, we find that they are merely taking the word out of Mr. Lewis' and Mr. Browder's mouths, and with the like end in view.

Third, the volume of outpourings about the Underprivileged is enhanced by the extraordinary apathy and tameness—to use no harsher words—of our representative men in industry, commerce, and finance. We are unable to compliment them on their courage or their foresight. If they had put their backs up in time and spoken their minds, mincing no words about what they thought and why they thought it, we believe the

country would now be in a much healthier state. They did not do this, and we fear that the time for it has now gone by; if not quite that, it is at least on the very point of going. They may have thought to give the Great Uplift Movement plenty of rope with which to hang itself, as it will no doubt shortly do; but meanwhile, Dr. Roosevelt has so managed things as to make that hanging the most expensive public improvement ever witnessed. Whatever mess would have been made by recalcitrant plain speech in the first instance is as nothing by comparison with the impending mess that the policy of silent acquiescence has helped to let us in for.

We have heard it said, though we know nothing about it and have great doubt of it, that many of our representative men secretly favor a régime of Fascism (properly disguised, of course) as a means of salvaging something out of the impending mess, and that their silent acquiescence is due to that. The idea is that the mess will be mopped up by a type of political and economic Fascism (presented under another name—probably “Democracy”) which they can turn to their own purposes. We find this hard to believe, because it seems to us that a stupid

thirteen-year-old boy, with the example of Germany before his eyes, would know better. The German industrialists and capitalists had this idea when they backed the Hitlerian type of Fascism, and they soon found out that Fascism had simply pocketed their businesses. If any of our capitalists and businessmen actually are looking on Fascism with benevolence, or even with complacency, we refer them to Hitler's statement at Nuremberg a couple of months ago, that "if private enterprise does not carry out the Four-Year Plan, the State will assume full control of business".

Fourth, the commotion about underprivilege is largely helped by the Underprivileged themselves. Knowing a good thing when they see it, they increase and multiply their demands, and make trouble if results are not forthcoming, whether or not those results are economically practicable. The country recently had an impressive exhibit of what that comes to, when we were all watching the activities of Mr. Lewis and his lieutenants last Spring; and we now get another one as we watch the rise in retail commodity-prices and the corresponding stagnation of business. It is an old story, but so little heeded as to be worth a

deal of repeating, that no government has any money of its own for subsidizing the Underprivileged, or for any other enterprise. All it has is what it pries out of its people by taxation; and taxes, like wages, must come out of production, for there is no other place for them to come from; and when production is loaded with a heavier accumulation of costs and taxes than it can carry, it breaks down. At the present, production is dropping money with one hand into the bottomless pit of wage-demands, and with the other hand into the bottomless pit of tax-demands. Why then should anyone wonder that prices are rising, business declining, and production slowing down?

II

The simple truth is that the fraudulent endeavors in behalf of underprivilege have resulted only in converting the American proletariat into an immensely overprivileged class. If the term means anything — if it is more than a term of empty reproach — our proletariat is immensely overprivileged. In graver matters, as has been often pointed out, it has the privilege of profiting automatically and irresponsibly by the wholesale penalization of self-respect, self-reliance, integrity, and

thrift. In smaller matters, it has the privilege of violating both law and decency at its own convenience. If respectable citizens of Michigan chose to behave as Mr. Lewis' pet lambs behaved in Flint and in Detroit, would the President, the federal authorities, and Governor Murphy have shown the same cringing tolerance? If the directors of the Standard Oil Company staged obstructionist and disgusting antics on the sidewalks of New York, as proletarian picket-lines have been doing for months, how long would they last? On Sunday morning, October 24, a prominent Episcopal church in New York was picketed at church-time because a contractor who had a job on the premises was "unfair to labor". Suppose the staff of this magazine should picket St. Thomas' Church some Sunday morning because the rector does not subscribe to *THE MERCURY*. . .

If all this does not amount to overprivilege, the word means nothing. The matter is pertinent because no one knows how this business of overprivileging a proletariat is going to end up. Our opinion is that this present phase of it will be concluded, as always in the past, by a considerable wholesale liquidation, in which — again as always — a good many innocent

bystanders will also be liquidated. As for the ensuing phase, we agree with Macaulay that "either some Caesar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government . . . or your Republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth; with this difference . . . your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your country by your institutions".

In any case, what little of true civilization has been built up in the United States will be trampled under hoof. Our politicians see only votes; but what the honest philanthropist apparently does not see is that, like all animals, the human animal breeds a considerable proportion of culls. No chicken-raiser or dog-fancier overprivileges his culls; he does not even let them run at large with his sound stock, for he knows that if he does he will soon have no sound stock left; it will degenerate into imperfection and mediocrity in no time. So, if human culls are overprivileged — which is exactly what Dr. Roosevelt's "democracy and more democracy" comes to, exactly what the Uplift has come to — all superior human values will be destroyed. There is no help for it and no way out of it; this is what will

happen, because it must happen.

What THE MERCURY especially objects to, however, is the contemptible combination of self-interest and hypocrisy behind this great national industry of over-privileging human culls. If Dr. Roosevelt and his sub-messiahs would frankly say that they are proposing to level American society down to the grade of the lowest common denominator, and that they are doing it for revenue only, we should still disapprove of their proposal, but we should have re-

spect for their candor; and we should be prepared to accept the consequences as what America wants and deserves and ought to have.

But the monstrous pretense of being able to raise the general level of our society by overprivileging the culls of our society, is an intolerable impertinence. Whoever of our messiahs believes that this can be done is a simpleton; and whoever of them subscribes to the idea against his own better knowledge is a knave and a fraud.



AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

TOM MOONEY, the Perpetual Martyr, unwittingly gives the nation a frank picture of the working of a grateful Radical mind, according to the *New York Times*:

Mooney then delivered a tirade against the American Federation of Labor, which had been the bulwark of his defense through the years. At the recent Denver convention of that body, however, a suggested appropriation of \$5000 for his further defense was disapproved. . . .

The American Federation of Labor, Mooney charged, had reached a point of "stagnation". His current sympathies, he said, were entirely with the Committee for Industrial Organization.

REMARKABLE self-control is exhibited by a Sunkist hero, as vouched for by Hollywood *Talkie-Talk*:

Joel McCrea blindfolds himself at a picture preview in order to get an unbiased idea of what the audience thinks of his work.

GEORGIA

HEARTENING news for fugitives from Farleyism, as advertised in the incorruptible Atlanta *Constitution*:

WANT TO HIDE? Vanish temporarily or permanently, so no male or female "gyps", mean in-laws, "grafters", "gold-diggers", ex-love blackmailers, or other pests or pasts can find you? I can hide you so, and protect you, in my Georgia pine-forest sanctuary. My price is \$60, Winter season. Ninety dollars, yearly. Address your problem in confidence. Chief White-Cougar. Jessup, Ga.

IDAHO

NEW setback for Labor is reported by the Associated Press from the thriving community of Orofino:

Property owners here breathed easier today when a check of citizens who responded to fire call from the State Hospital North last night, revealed the town's volunteer firemen were on the job.

The fire department Monday voted to stage a sit-down strike in protest of a negative vote by taxpayers on a bond issue to buy new equipment. The volunteers, however, were unable to resist the sound of the siren blast last night and responded to a man.

IOWA

THE *Pioneer-Press* issues a solemn encyclical to the burghers of Mechanicsville:

The repeal of the 18th Amendment was Satan's master stroke. It let in wine, women, and song.

KANSAS

THE More Abundant Life finally engulfs the bustling town of Le Roy, according to an advertisement in the *Reporter*:

FREE BATHS
FRIDAY and SATURDAY

As I now have my bath room fitted up, will give Free Baths on Friday and Saturday, October 29-30.

FRIDAY — Ladies' Day, with Mrs. Mountain in attendance.

SATURDAY — Men's Day. Please bring your own towels.

MOUNTAIN BARBER SHOP
A. L. Mountain, Prop.

MISSOURI

THE typesetter of the Brookfield *Daily Argus* commits a pardonable error in the composing room:

Ferdus Walker and Hal Frazier of St. Louis, deputies of the United States *Eternal* Revenue Collector's office, are transacting business in Brookfield this week.

MONTANA

THE *American Legion Monthly* reports on the sagacity of the local commander in Bozeman:

Earl Walton has appointed on his sick committee Dr. R. E. Seltz, M.D.; H. H. Dokken, funeral director, and Roy Ayers, tombstone manufacturer.

NEW YORK

THE peace-loving editors of the *Nation* offer free advice on the

matter of boycotting Japanese goods:

Q. How can we expect American women to refuse to buy silk stockings when the substitutes are so markedly inferior?

A. While it would seem that the discomfort which American women suffer from wearing lisle or rayon hose is insignificant when weighed against the invasion of China, the practical considerations raised by this question are undoubtedly serious. The possibility of checking aggression rests very largely on the style consciousness of American women.

SOCIAL note from the halls of higher learning in Syracuse, as chronicled by the Associated Press:

Syracuse University co-eds in McCarthy Cottage are charging fees for good-night kisses as a means of raising house funds. Escorts must drop a coin in a silver bowl for every kiss. Special week-end rates are in vogue and the whole thing is on a cash basis; no credit.

INDICATION of a spiritual recrudescence in the Kodak Belt, as reported by the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*:

Talks and business are scheduled by the Fortnightly Club at a Wednesday meeting in Honcaye Falls. Mrs. J. H. White will speak on "Manifest Destiny Lays a Golden Egg".

PENNSYLVANIA

COPYDESK accuracy in the headlines of the erudite Pittsburgh *Sun-Telegraph*:

WELLS SEES WAR

BY 1940

Chicago, October 29 — (AP) — H. G. Wells, noted English novelist here for a lecture, told reporters today “not to print stories that ‘Wells predicts war in 1940’.”

VIRGINIA

THE Catholic Information Society takes notice of the modern trend in religion, according to an advertisement in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*:

A St. Christopher medal in a car can do a lot of good. Indirectly it can stop skids, blow-outs, or any other calamity, if one has faith in the prayers of a saint and appreciation of the fact that God can do anything He wants to.

RHODE ISLAND

CURRENT activities of Satan are revealed by a worried subscriber to the Providence *Visitor*:

A person approached me in a store recently and told me he was one of Jehovah's witnesses. When he found out I was a Catholic, he said: “Do you know when Purgatory was invented? By Pope Gregory the first. It's a lot of foolishness. You can't find it in the Bible.”

He continued with many more sneering remarks about the Catholic Church. I was so angry that I didn't know what to say and so he walked away, laughing and saying: “I guess you can't answer that, can you?” Since then, I've been trying to think of a simple answer to that question.

IN OTHER NEW UTOPIAS

ENGLAND

HE-MAN style note from the pages of the London *Sunday Dispatch*:

Seldom have men spent so much money improving their appearance as they are spending today. Some even have special perfumes — leather and tweed — which they use behind the ears to make women admire them.

THE *Birkenhead News* chronicles an event of supreme importance:

During Monday's ceremony, when Gracie Fields was the center of attraction, there were many who sought her autograph, but few obtained it in such a novel way as Mr. W. P. Boht, the manager, whom she obliged by writing her name on the front of his dress shirt! He will never wear it again, for it is one of his most prized possessions, and to wash it would immediately destroy its value. Nevertheless, he has been kind enough to lend it to the *News*, and we will display it in the window of our offices in Chester Street during business hours all next week.

PROMPT political recognition of fealty to the new King, as revealed by the faithful London *Observer*:

All the way from the Palace to the Royal Borough of Windsor, the car was held up time and time again by the cheering crowds, and the King gave orders to his chauffeur to drive at walking pace, so that the people lining the Great West Road could see the Royal Family. *Later in the day the King conferred a knighthood on the Mayor.*

THE STATE OF THE UNION

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

What the Republicans Won't Do

AT THE time I write this the Republican Party, if any, is apparently being made ready for the pulmotor. Some months ago Brother Hoover came out with a magazine-article suggesting an informal get-together meeting of interested persons, to be held at some time before the Congressional elections, to determine where the party is at and what it can best do for itself. Brother Hoover did not wish the meeting to be a closed-corporation affair. On the contrary, he was in favor of bringing in representatives of the disaffected in all parties or in no party. As I understood him, he was not for having the G.O.P. swallow up these disaffected brethren, but rather he hoped and believed that the meeting might bring forth some statement of principles which would induce them into a sort of emergency-alliance against the New Deal. There is sense in this, for the G.O.P. is after all the big frog in the opposition puddle, and if it converted itself into a party of protest, anything which makes it

easier for stragglers to join up with it "for the duration of the war" would be worth doing.

Since publishing the article I mentioned, Brother Hoover has taken his idea to the country and has publicized it with excellent vigor. We all remember the tremendous park of heavy oratorical artillery which he unlimbered at Boston, before an audience of Massachusetts Republicans. His speech was a speech of protest, and if he is not above accepting praise from an adversary, I will say it was superb. I do not see how his most determined foes — and being one of them I ought to know — could refrain from associating themselves with every sentiment he expressed. Moreover, I am quite prepared to believe that in that speech he did not speak as a partisan but as a citizen, as he said he did.

As a sporting proposition, Brother Hoover's plan for reanimating and galvanizing the party is certainly a good one, but when he first put it out, one could not help noticing that the boys did not

take to it particularly. Brother Borah came out against it, while Brother Landon and the smaller fry cold-shouldered it in eloquent silence. The Republican National Committee, meeting on November 5, turned it down. This is understandable. The only substantial asset the party has is the unpopularity of Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal, and at present this asset is frozen and non-negotiable. The professional politicians in the Republican Party know that if it remains frozen they cannot win, no matter what they do; and if it thaws out and becomes negotiable, they can win on their own, in the regular way, free from any embarrassing commitments such as subscribing to Brother Hoover's plan might lead to. So long as Brother Hoover is willing to go around as a non-commissioned, free-lance Peter the Hermit, thawing out their asset with his perfervid oratory, they are naturally willing to lie low and let him do so; but giving any formal or quasi-official sanction to his plan (unless and until their hand were somehow forced) is something else again.

Nevertheless, they should be warned that as things stand at the moment, no opposition would have a ghost of a chance with an affirmative program such as

Brother Hoover wants. Its only chance is to view with alarm and denounce with indignation. Whether this would work or not depends entirely on the reaction of the pocket-nerve. If business goes on three legs much longer, the New Deal Congressmen may have to stretch a bit to hold their jobs. If the country runs into an actual depression, it will be a real sure-enough depression, for we are not as fat as we were in 1929, and no party in power could weather it. In that case, viewing with alarm would turn the trick for almost any sort of opposition candidate put up on any sort of lying, pinchbeck platform, as in 1932. But if business rubs along even moderately, the opposition will be out of luck. In my opinion, Mr. Landon's grotesque campaign of 1936 was quite as good as anyone could have made under the same circumstances, for he did not hold a single card; and it was as good as anyone can make under like circumstances hereafter.

But in no case will any campaign of affirmation be worth a straw, and my impression is that the seasoned professionals of the G.O.P. are aware of it. Brother Hoover's notion of an "affirmative program" for such a campaign, setting forth principles and ideas, is excellent

and ought to be exactly right, but the trouble is that it will get nowhere in a campaign, because American voters are notoriously not interested in principles and ideas. They do not care a button for them and will not vote for them. The immense majority vote whichever way the money comes from; they vote for "prosperity"; they vote for revenue only. Brother Hoover must surely remember his own prosperity-campaign of 1928, with its alluring ideal of a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage. Why should he think that American voters are now more interested in principles and ideas than they were then? They are not. Many of them vote out of resentment, many out of prejudice, indolent habit, indolent conformity; but not a corporal's guard of them vote out of ideas, and still fewer out of principles.

So a campaign of affirmation will hardly do, and no more will a campaign of concession and preposterous promise, like Mr. Landon's. Such a campaign would have to match its promises against Mr. Roosevelt's performances, and every sane voter knows there is not that much money in the whole world, let alone in the depleted pocket of the American taxpayer. Concession to Mr. Roosevelt's "ob-

jectives" coupled with a promise to realize them cheaper — this would not work either. Mr. Landon tried that in 1936, and it seems to be very close to what Mr. Vandenberg has been suggesting recently. The immense mass of voting-power which Mr. Roosevelt is subsidizing has a shrewd idea of what his actual objectives are, and would choose to stick where the sticking has been so abundantly proven good. So all in all it is pretty clear that the policy of watchful waiting, which the Republican professionals apparently are inclined to adopt, is the only one which gives any promise of success. After all, the Treasury must soon run dry, and production, already swayed under its overload of costs and taxes, must soon break down; so why not mark time until that happens?

In all these considerations, however, it must always be borne in mind that the party in power has one unbeatable resource, namely, the disturbed and ticklish condition prevailing in foreign affairs. As long as this condition prevails, it is always in the power of a President to engineer commitments and connivances which would enable him, at the right time, to confront the country with a *fait accompli*, and instantly to set in motion a

train of lying propaganda which would do the rest. Those of us who got our growth before 1914 know all about this, for we have had experience of just this technique. Moreover, when Mr. Roosevelt was in difficulties a few months ago over the Black affair, the country might have seen how promptly those difficulties were dissipated by a mere wave of the bloody shirt. Well, if Mr. Roosevelt desires a third term, or if he wishes to bequeath his powers intact to some other tycoon, a really energetic shaking of the bloody shirt is all that is necessary. In a time of general peace, or in circumstances where a pretense of substantial interest could not be made plausible enough to "go down", the party in power is deprived of this resource; but unhappily, this is not the case at present.

II

When elections are coming on, editors and publicists devote themselves to speculating about possible shifts of power and the probable effect of such shifts. Now, for example, there is a good deal being said about the forthcoming Congressional elections and what they may portend for the immediate future of the country. There is al-

ready some discussion, too, of the Presidential election, two years hence. Will Mr. Roosevelt seek a third term? Will his party be in shape to carry him or to carry a successor named by him? Or will the electorate be fed up with the New Deal by that time, and go over to the resuscitated Republican Party; and if so, what is the country likely to get out of that?

Speculation being free to all, it is interesting to speculate on what would happen if the voters showed sense enough to elect an administration that would take its stand on the principle laid down by Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson, that a country which is least governed is best governed. In the present state of the Union, such an administration would do nothing for four years but act as a wrecking-crew. Its first move would be to state that under no circumstances would the President or any member of Congress accept a second term; and its second move would be to post every public building in Washington with large signs reading, LOBBYISTS NOT ADMITTED. NO VACANCIES. NO JOB-SEEKERS NEED APPLY.

Then it would settle down for a steady go at the greatest job of repealing, revising, department-shattering, bureau-busting, cost-

reducing, and general decentralization that the world has seen since the days of Lysurgus. The steam-shovel would take the place of the steam-roller, and in three months' time there would be more office-space vacant in Washington than there is now in New York City. Nothing but what is necessary — actually necessary, not politically necessary — would be left of the whole federal structure. Everything else would be off-loaded on the smaller political units, and if they did not choose to shoulder the burden, why, it would be just too bad.

For example, "Relief" would go; Mr. Hopkins and his myrmidons would be scraped up and dumped into the Potomac. The States and municipalities might look after their own wastrels as they saw fit, or let them "go dry", as far as Uncle Sam was concerned. The Departments of Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, and the Interior would be folded up. The Treasury would be admonished, in the words of Mr. Jefferson, that "the accounts of the United States ought to be, and may be, made as simple as those of a common farmer, and capable of being understood by common farmers". Budget balancing would not aim at Mr. Roosevelt's budget, or Mr.

Hoover's, Mr. Taft's, or even Mr. McKinley's. It would aim at Mr. Madison's expense-account of the year 1810, and probably would balance at about the figure set by Mr. Van Buren, if not a little better. Wholesale repeal and revision would give the Department of Justice about one-tenth of its present volume of business, at about one-tenth of its present payroll. The Post Office Department would be farmed out to private enterprise, as a former Postmaster-General, Mr. Wanamaker, once suggested it should be, for even now private enterprise carries the mail; all the Post Office does is to collect and distribute it. The State Department would lose that hoary anachronism, the diplomatic establishment, which was so useless even as far back as Mr. Jefferson's time that he was all for getting rid of it and letting the consular service take over. "An ambassador, Hinnessy," said Mr. Dooley, "is a man that's no more use abroad than he wud be at home"; which is precisely true. If other countries wished to keep on sending ambassadors here, the Administration would be polite and pleasant about it, but there would be mighty few state functions for them to decorate, and no preposterous "chief of protocol" to arrange their order

of precedence and tell them what to do with their hands and feet.

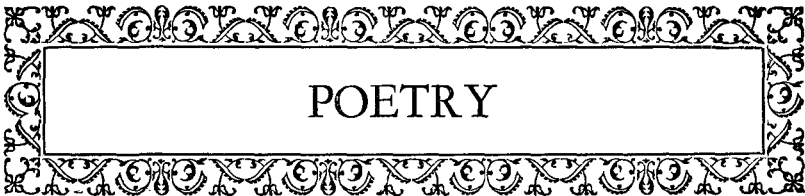
While this was going on, privilege-seekers — rich or poor, bankers or labor-leaders, enterprisers or uplifters — would be halted at sight and thrown out on their heads. As for those who wanted something to be done in a general way to “help business”, the Administration would make it clear that government has no proper concern with business except to punish fraud and enforce the obligations of contract, and that the State and local governments can do this much better than the Federal Government can. The Administration would take its stand firmly on the great and true saying of Thoreau, that government never helped any enterprise except by the alacrity with which it got out of the way; and that would be that.

At the end of its four-year term,

the Administration's parting advice to the people would be, “Don't lean on government. When you want your pinafores buttoned or your noses wiped, don't run to Washington about it. Don't run to your State or local governments about it. Don't run to anybody about it. Do it yourselves. Government has its legitimate job. Its job is to safeguard your freedom and security; nothing more. Don't try to make it do anything more. Above all, don't let it get on your backs. We have put in four hard years here, merely prying it off your backs. Don't let it climb on again.”

It seems to me that this line of speculation points to something rather interesting, and yet I somehow feel that it would not interest our Republican friends much, not even Brother Hoover. I may be wrong about this, but some instinct makes me think so.





POETRY

ADVICE TO A SCULPTOR

By GARRETT OPPENHEIM

SET brawn against the rock:
Conceive with giant pride;
Lift up your hammer and strike
At mountains like a god.

Seek ivory and jade:
Get you some delicate tool;
Coerce the vagrant mood
With utmost care to scale.

But shun the life-sized stone:
Disdain to compromise
The broad, imperial line,
The gem's intense repose.

THE DREAMER

By HELENE MULLINS

YOU, stumbling home with all your gathered fruit,
Pity me not, who sits with empty hands,
Weeping because no thing has taken root
In all the vastness of my homestead lands.
For, while you labored, I was in a dream,
Tending wild plants of rapture never meant
To sprout or flower, nor though any gleam
Of sunlight touch them, not though heaven-sent

Blessings assail them. Let me watch you pass,
And learn my reckless folly; this will teach
Me nevermore to be bewitched, alas!
So beautiful is ripe fruit you can reach.

PORTRAIT FROM A FEAST

BY JOHN RITCHEY

DRUNK as we were upon the opiate of youth
We never guessed that Fate sat at this board,
Had tried the bitter wine and found it sound.
We heard the voice remote as silver bells,
We saw the eyes that ate the ivory flesh;
How could we know Life wearies in the end,
And hands depend upon a spoken word?
He sat, a very god above the feast,
And if he spoke of doom the word was soft,
And if he saw death come he did not say.

MOOD

BY DOROTHY KISSLING

NO BRIGHT head upon my breast
Could be lovely as this hour.
As on some prismatic crest
A remote and ice-like flower
Stands, and condescends to earth
From its niche of carven sky,
So I estimate the worth
Of those vales where lovers lie.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

No bright head upon my breast
Could be lovely as this need
Of a labor without rest,
Of a plant without a seed
That might copy, leaf for leaf,
What I hold against my heart.
Never bound in any sheaf
Shall it have its counterpart.

Hand within relaxing hand,
Lovers, lie and see the night
Full of gentle stars that stand
Near the roof of your delight;
But upon a harder ground,
Naked to a farther sky,
I shall find what I have found,
And so triumph, and so die.

BARTER NO BAY

By EVA BYRON

BARTER no bay for mountain or for plain,
Nor sun-dried sand for black and yielding loam;
Exchange no palm for field of waving grain,
Nor coral rock for granite — you whose home
Has ever been by water, where the shift
Of sand beneath the heel has slowed the stride;
Whose eyes have grown accustomed to the lift
Of light blue sky above the dark blue tide.
He tires of climbing who was wont to stray
The long and level reaches of the sand;
Who has absorbed the waters of the bay
Grows dry as very dust in arid land —
And he congeals in snow who long has known
A winter sun that warms him to the bone!

THE LIBRARY

*The Conquest of Pain*¹

BY JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

IT is a story my brother tells, who is a doctor: how, in the baby-snatching days of his internship at Hopkins in Baltimore, he delivered a huge strapping negro woman. He recalls no feature of special interest in the delivery. When all was decently in order, he told her to stay in bed until he gave permission for her to get up, and departed, saying he would be around tomorrow. Next morning, calling, he found her in the kitchen, doing a little washing and ironing. What do you mean, says my brother, indignant at such flouting of the Faculty, by getting out of bed? Didn't I tell you not to put your foot on the floor until I said you could? The woman rested her fists on her wide hips and looked him up and down. Listen here, little w'ite Doctor, she told him: when you has had as many chillun as I has had, you can come around and tell me what to do — but not 'til then! Nossah!

Not all women, by any means, are as well-equipped and capable at their functions as this wench, and the business of gynecology receives the attention of the most gifted medicoes. One such, Dr. Roy P. Finney, now presents *The Story of Motherhood*. Comprehensive, he starts with Imhotep, the first doctor to leave a record, for grateful patients (about 3000 B.C.) erected a temple to him and worshipped him as a god in Lower Egypt, and he comes down to the current starched and sterilized practitioners whose consulting rooms occupy the higher rental belts on fashionable thoroughfares. Dr. Finney does this in some 350 pages, with a conciseness and a vividness that professional scribes will envy.

Here I would digress to remark that there is something about the medical mystery which seems to translate itself into good writing. I have heard Mr. Alexander Wooll-

¹ *The Story of Motherhood*, by Roy P. Finney, \$3.00. Liveright.

cott, the Sage of Bomoseen, state that the best prose in America today is written by non-professionals; and he named Dr. Logan Clendenning as a case in point. There is also Dr. Paul de Kruif, who has a pungent singing style. And long ago they placed Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes among the immortals for the poems and the essays he wrote; and he was a physician, and professor of anatomy at Harvard, for more than thirty years. I think myself that good writing proceeds from clarity of mind. A doctor's problems exact of him precise thinking, broad estimates, and the establishment of the true relations between causes and effects. When a thing comes clear in your own head, you can make it clear to your audience, no matter what may be your medium of expression.

But, this Motherhood. Your primitive woman ran aside into the brush when her time was on her, bit down on her tongue so that enemies, or wild beasts with a taste for baby-meat, might not locate her; performed that which had to be performed, and ran on after the tribe. But nowadays, says Dr. Finney:

As they lift you onto the table a dapper little Frenchman tells them to place you on your back. A Biblical character instructs them to add to

your comfort by bearing upon your knees. From the madhouse a stocky Hungarian shrieks at them, "Be careful! Be careful! Sterilize your hands!" A pale, slender surgeon from Georgia directs the giving of the anesthetic which relieves those horrible pains. Something terrible happens: an arm is born first: your child is cross-wise; you can never deliver it. But stay—here comes a sage from ancient Greece. He speaks:

"Let's turn the baby," he says, reassuringly, to your doctor. "Go ahead. I'll help you."

Thus, behind the masked and gowned and highly aseptic surgeons and nurses of the delivery room, with their flood-lights and their gleaming gadgets, stand many shadowy figures, there to help: old Hippocrates, whose Oath our doctors swear and often live by; Aristotle, whose capacious mind touched every shore of human endeavor, and who listed numerous case-histories, his failures as honestly as the recoveries; wise Ambrose Paire, who walked with kings; those scampish Huguenots, the Chambellans, who rediscovered the use of instruments and most unethically kept them in the family for the money they brought. There, too, are Dr. Crawford Long of Georgia and William Morton, the Massachusetts dentist, who have perhaps composed their differences by now, and stretch their necks to-

gether over the anesthetist with informed interest; and good Doctor Holmes; beside Simmelwiess of Vienna, who in his day made such a nuisance of himself, insisting on soap and water, that they put him under restraint. And there are Lister and Pasteur, and surely, Dr. Roy Finney himself. He mentions, casually, personal experience with some 1300 deliveries. . . .

Of the progress he traces, no step is more fantastic than the story of anesthesia. "From the time of Cain", the author notes, childbirth has been synonymous with pain. The Romans called it *poena magna*, the great pain, and all peoples have acknowledged it to be the greatest agony human flesh is called upon by nature to endure. It should have been banished, or at least ameliorated, hundreds of years ago; but not until the nineteenth century was half-gone did we discover a method for inducing the harmless artificial sleep, which is now known as anesthesia. One of the many reasons for our tardiness in this matter is to be found in the Bible, *Gen. III: 16*:

"Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desires shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee."

Further evidence appears in *Jeremiah*: "For I have heard a voice as of a woman in travail, the anguish as of her that bringeth forth her first child, the voice of a daughter of Zion, that bewaileth herself, that spreadeth her hands, saying, Woe is me now! . . ." and there is a great deal more in the sacred books to the same effect.

The interpretation by the fathers of the Church was that God intended childbirth to be a painful ordeal, as a punishment for woman's original sin; and to attempt to ease the pain would be not only useless, but downright wicked, smacking of impiety and liable to penalties. Through centuries this opinion held and women suffered, presumably to the good of their souls. Even as late as the 1850's, a godly clergyman, striking at the ugly head of anesthesia lately reared, thundered: "Chloroform is a decoy of Satan, apparently offering itself to bless women; but in the end it will harden society and rob God of those deep earnest cries which arise in time of trouble for help!"

Therefore — probably because men as a sex do not personally bring forth the young of their species and know such pains only from hearsay — the orthodox dicta were accepted with approval, and

nothing was actually done about it by anybody. Jehovah, it will be recalled, is a jealous God and never notable for gentleness.

But very early—as far back, anyway, as Noah—the children of men discovered that a pleasant oblivion to earthly cares could be induced by drinking the distillations of fermented grain; and this was the lead towards anesthesia. Nitrous oxide, chloroform, and ether were eighteenth-century discoveries. In 1785, an English doctor was treating asthma by ether inhalations. Translated to this country, a Doctor Farraday in 1819 noted that ether inhalations produced a sort of genial drunkenness. The young medical students, a bunch of rips in all ages and all places, applied this discovery to their lighter hours. In the 1830's, ether frolics were fashionable at the University of Pennsylvania, much as cocktail parties are now. One of the graduates, Dr. Crawford W. Long, M.D., returned to his home in Georgia, hung out his shingle at Jefferson in Jackson County, and introduced the bloods of those parts to the joys of the ether jag, beguiling the long hours a new doctor has between patients. After a rather notable session with his friends, Dr. Long found great bruises on his person, and was unable to re-

member how he got them: certainly he recalled no pain. Thinking this over—there is always much time in the Deep South for thought—he took the germ of an idea to his next ether frolic, and communicated it to kindred scientific minds. It was suggested that experiment be made, all in the interest of science, and a young negro slave was selected as subject. The buck objected vigorously and had to be overpowered. In the struggle the investigators were obliged to employ more ether than was found necessary for a simple social position. The slave passed out, and stayed out until it was feared that a valuable property had been destroyed. When he awoke—to the great relief of the investigators—he appeared to have suffered no ill effects. Dr. Long then, ever daring, had himself etherized and suffered nothing beyond slight nausea. After further thought, he ventured to apply ether in his practice, and on March 30, 1842, he etherized one James Venable and removed a tumor from his neck. The operation was successful, and Mr. Venable appears to have paid his bill cheerfully. The bill for this, the first operation ever performed under surgical anesthesia, is preserved: it is for \$2.00, which includes the ether. (It is only fair to

state that other authorities tend to enhance the scientific, and to minimize the social, aspects of Dr. Long's researches, as set forth by Dr. Finney.)

Dr. Crawford Long, oblivious to fame, went quietly about his country practice in Georgia, publishing nothing, and making no remarks; a course entirely in accord with medical ethics, says Dr. Finney, who deplores the habit some doctors have, of announcing to the world conclusions founded on insufficient data. Indeed, it was nearly ten years before Dr. Long wrote his first paper on anesthetics, and by that time another man was in the field.

There practiced in Boston through the 1840's a meritorious toothdrawer named Morton, who had some success in the devising of artificial dentures: plates were his specialty. But his preliminary extractions—the clearing of the underbrush, so to speak—bothered him, and seeking to improve himself in his mystery, he enrolled in the Harvard Medical School: that was 1846. Among the medics there present he came in contact with the ether jag, a diversion enjoyed at Harvard no less than at Penn. Its pain-killing properties intrigued him. Ever the scientist, he took thought, and tried ether on

his dog. Encouraged, he tried it on himself and took no hurt. Within a few days one Eben Frost applied to have some snags drawn, and Morton—says Dr. Finney, who probably has had a tooth pulled in his time—“brandishing his instruments with more than the usual ferocity, demanded of Frost if he would like to be put to sleep for the extraction. The patient tremblingly assented. The operation, performed in September, 1846, was a complete success”.

Morton was not as Dr. Long: he knew he had something, as they say. He persuaded Dr. Warren, at the top of the profession in Boston, to allow him to demonstrate his method on a surgical case. On October 16, 1846, in the presence of a number of spectators, Morton successfully etherized a patient while Dr. Warren excised a vascular tumor. The Boston Faculty acclaimed Morton's discovery as a notable contribution to surgery, and his name was duly entered upon the roll of the benefactors of mankind. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes set the seal upon his achievement by giving the phenomenon a name: he suggested *anesthesia* for the state of unconsciousness and *anesthetic* for the agent that produced it.

Of the Long-Morton contro-

versy, which made some noise in the medical world while it raged, Dr. Finney delicately does not speak. Perhaps it was, like high tariff and the slavery issue, one of the contributory causes to the War Between the States. Georgia and Massachusetts still fail to see eye to eye in certain matters. . . .

It remained for a Scotchman, Sir James Y. Simpson, born plain James, to apply anesthesia to childbirth. He conducted experiments on members of his family circle in 1847, and employed it in a difficult delivery the same year. Elated, and again, no Crawford Long, he published a report. Instead of approving, the United Kingdom thundered disapproval on moral grounds. The clergy led the dissent, and denounced him, not only from the pulpit but in pamphlets, basing themselves firmly on that rock, the Curse of Eve. In the United States, the hitherto admired Dr. Walter Channing took up the torch and was at once assailed. Nor did the Faculty itself view such devices with favor. No less a person than the eminent Dr. Charles D. Meigs, Professor of Obstetrics at Jefferson College in Philadelphia, blasted them both with the pronouncement that the pain incident to childbirth was "a desirable, salutary, and conserva-

tive manifestation of life force". Simpson, however, was a notable pamphleteer in his own right. He struck back. One of his devastating ripostes had seventeen words in its title, and was acclaimed a classic. To Dr. Meigs, who carried the war into the enemy's country and rallied the progressive physicians of Dublin against such goings-on, he countered; commenting on the unbending front of the Dublin doctors against anesthesia, he transposed their argument: "I do not believe that anyone in Dublin has as yet used a hat to protect his head; the feeling here is very strong against its use in ordinary weather, and merely to avert the ordinary amount of wetting and cold which the Almighty has seen fit — and most wisely, we cannot doubt — to allot to mankind." People laughed at Dr. Meigs and at Dublin. And the more reserved Channing compiled a case-list of 581 mothers, who had had anesthetic and thought well of it. But it was easier to convince the doctors than to win the approval of the clergymen. There are always people, comments Dr. Finney, who prefer to believe the preacher rather than the doctor; and, honest fellow, he concedes they may be right.

The thing was not really re-

spectable until Queen Victoria, brought to bed in 1853 of her seventh child, placed her royal approval on anesthesia by summoning Dr. Simpson to administer it to her. She counted six previous olive branches without its benefits, and she noticed a difference in the seventh, Prince Leopold. Dr. Simpson went out from that *accouchement* Sir James Simpson, Bart., and the ever-courteous French physicians call the process, to this day, *anesthesia à la reine*. The story goes that Sir Walter Scott, congratulating Sir James Simpson on his elevation to knighthood, suggested as an appropriate coat of arms "a wee naked bairn", with the motto, doubtless engrailed, "Does your mither know ye're out?"

Another great story is the story of puerperal fever, which, if the statistics were available, would quite possibly prove to have killed more women than Tamerlane killed men; and how it was brought under control. There is a discussion of the principle of antiseptis, and a discussion of abortion, and a grave and amiable discussion of illegal motherhood. Courageously, Dr. Finney pronounces a remedy for those regrettable incidents that sometimes occur in really well-thought-of families: that is, bring up the children under discipline.

That last thought, sufficiently broadcast, might draw upon Dr. Finney's head fires comparable to those that smote Doctors Simpson and Channing.



THE OPEN FORUM

WHY PAMPER HUMAN CULLS?

SIR: Although a countryman by choice, I am reasonably free of prejudice as between the men of the farms and the men of the towns, for at various times I have worked in cities long enough to gain an appreciation of urban viewpoints. But one current practice of my city brethren seems downright preposterous to me, *i.e.*, the manner in which the towns, abetted by the federal government, pamper those who are unfit, inferior, and defective. These human culls are not only fed, clothed, and housed at public expense, but have been so persistently advertised by professional Uplifters and welfare-workers that they derive an amount of attention out of all proportion to their importance in the community. Most amazing of all—to the countryman—is the fact that these biological rejects and discards, who have proven incompetent to care for themselves, are permitted to breed and multiply without restraint, each year bringing into the world other multitudes of defectives.

Every countryman that I know is forced by the pressure of public demand to breed and grow products of real worth. City buyers insist on meat and vegetables of superior grade: they want no culls from the farm. For instance, not so many years ago a farmer could find a ready market for a barrel of ungraded apples, good, bad, and indifferent mixed. But the Western fruit-growers have so trained the public to expect apples of quality and size that today the only market for the ungraded product is the cider mill or canning factory. That is to say, if a countryman gave as much attention to inferior products as city dwellers give to human defectives, he would soon

himself be a cull, unable to earn a living and dependent upon the taxpayer for support.

Specialists in farming, including the omnipresent agents of our Department of Agriculture, continually stress the high wisdom of breeding superior strains of livestock, superior strains of field and garden produce. They drive home at every opportunity the idea that in the long run, it will pay to purchase stud service from a prize-winning bull, or a setting of eggs from a record-breaking hen. And I believe most countrymen will agree that this emphasis is common sense. An illustration is the new hybrid sweet corn: it is able to resist diseases that lurk in the soils, it yields more corn per acre, it matures more uniformly, it has a higher sugar content, and, finally, is the result of twenty years' research in cross-breeding. Would this improved corn have been developed if the men of the experiment stations had concentrated on defective seed? Or, to put it another way, if countrymen were as hostile to superior farm products as city dwellers are hostile to superior human beings, would not the agricultural output of America soon dwindle to the point where there would not be sufficient food to feed the cities' millions?

It appears to me that the city Relief administrations are doing everything possible to give unjustifiable importance to the incompetent: they are glorifying inferiority, and with unprecedented extravagance. Even when work is provided for those who either cannot or will not find jobs for themselves, it is likely to be non-essential labor, done in such time-wasting fashion that the use

of the word "labor" is ludicrous. On Relief projects, apparently anything worth doing is worth doing badly. If, for example, a Relief group took over a poultry farm, doubtless the ideal would be to have the hens lay fewer and fewer eggs while eating more and more food, until the production of eggs ceased altogether and the hens spent their entire time gorging. With such knowledge before them, why do the men of the towns burden themselves with the impossible task of giving the More Abundant Life to multitudes who either are not entitled to it, or who are incapable of understanding it, once it is given?

A generation ago, C. W. Burkett summed up what countless generations of countrymen like myself have learned after immeasurable trial and error.

"If the farmer seeks the superior plants in the field, and rejects all that are average or below average, a short time only will be necessary to greatly improve the crop yield. This principle of selection applies to potatoes, oats, barley, to forage and fiber plants, to all plants raised for profit. The secret of plant improvement is cleared up when field selection of seed is begun. There is no mystery about plant breeding, nor is it something only for the scientist or the experiment station man. It is the work of all."

As a country man who is convinced from his own experience and observation that improvement in anything can only be achieved by selecting superior specimens for breeding, and by rigidly preventing the inferior from reproducing, I would like to pose the following questions to city dwellers:

Is it right to permit the bringing into the world of hordes of half-wits, of subnormals and abnormals who are doomed to be a burden upon and a menace to the community? Is there any reason why those who have become dependent upon others should not be subject to the same restraints that are observed by responsible farmers as a matter of common sense? If self-supporting men and women of sound stock volun-

tarily avoid having more children than they can take care of, is there any justification for permitting the dependent and diseased unfit to breed like rats?

CLARENCE STONE

*Arnold,
Maryland.*



THE DIFFICULTY OF THINKING

SIR: Mr. Albert Jay Nock, always an interesting writer, proposes "right thinking" as a solution for economic difficulties and stable social organization. This suggestion has been made before many times and often efforts have been made to utilize right thinkers in the conduct of government. Did not the President have a brain trust? And where would you expect to find right thinkers if not in the university faculties? Always the greatest obstacle has been to get the right thinkers to agree on any program. If by any chance we should decide to turn the whole matter of the social and economic organization to the 30,000 right thinkers supposed to exist, giving them a free hand, with the rest of us (average IQ under 11 years of age), sitting on the side lines and watching the Utopian development—is there the remotest possibility that they would improve things? It seems to be a trait of right thinkers that their conclusions diverge. Surely in the Supreme Court, we have every reason to find nothing but right thinkers. Are not those gentlemen noted for clear and logical right thinking, especially with regard to the Constitution and the New Deal? Yet the clear cold logic of five of them is not infrequently opposed by the cold clear logic of four. Now if such eminent thinkers do not agree, what could we expect of the 30,000? And who the devil shall decide?

We have a strong suspicion that a goodly number of right thinkers have faith in President Roosevelt and believe in the rightness of his program and agree with him in thinking that the Supreme Court is not hopelessly beyond reform. Of course this

letter is written by one who does not pretend to have more than average intelligence.

THOMAS DOUGLASS

Ozark,
Arkansas.

SIR: Mr. Nock's pious lucubrations in the November issue are almost as astonishing as "April, Late April". I read them several times, just to make sure. If it were only true — that less than 30,000 persons in the United States believed that "right thinking" were the one road to individual integrity and social stability! But everybody believes it, just like Mr. Nock.

Mr. Nock must know hundreds of persons who are far more healthy than he for the simple reason that their capacity for taking thought is far less than his. This is not mere popish *fol-de-rol*; it's even common sense; and then there is Hergesheimer (or is he a Papist?): "In reality, normal people are almost invariably without minds or imagination. In the main they are extremely stupid. They have, fortunately for themselves, no pressing need for an intellect. They are, frequently, widely esteemed, and often occupy places of power, grow rich. . . ." So much for the hapless *individual*, so fortunate as to be unable to apply "right thinking" to "new conditions and changing circumstances".

As for the social stability part of it, the Aztecs had a stable society. The type of "right thinking" (if any) which produced it and kept it going was far removed from the kind which Mr. Nock tries to practice. The awful truth is that Aztec society might have continued stable to this day, had not men endowed with a superior *renascent* variety of ratiocination (which Mr. Ernest Boyd also admires), invaded the land and laid it waste to "undeclared wars of aggression, rebellions, piracies, tyrannies, restraints, strikes, riots, production everywhere suffocating under ruinous taxation. . . ."

Even if there were no other evidence, such solemn trumperies as these would surely declare the utter bankruptcy of the Age of

Reason. Montesquieu and Rousseau and J. S. Mill and Ben Franklin were going concerns in their day, but their ghosts are now being laid, and Mr. Nock, their most eminent extant spiritual legatee, perspires and trembles and regrets lest his own corporate utility be nullified in the process. If Mr. Nock and the intellectuals really want to give up regretting and take an active part in government, let them make up their minds which they want the more: a stable society or unrestricted ratiocination. Let them become unalterably convinced that when a man makes the headlines for "democracy and more democracy" and majority rule — no matter what his name — what he really wants is rule by a minority of one. Let them seriously cultivate a feeling for the reasonableness of *wrong thinking*.

And if they are fond of lessons from history — like Mr. Nock — let them look at Rome, not France. History didn't begin with Jean Jacques; rather the contrary, as far as we know it. And Cicero saw what would happen very clearly, except that he twice used the wrong conjunction: *or* instead of *and*. . . . It is of course idle to speculate on what Mr. Nock would be able to think about, were it not for the singular accomplishments of one Julius Ceasar (who, strangely, was a man of considerable intellectual attainments, as well as an *ochlocrat* who paid no attention when people called him god).

W. C. PANABAKER

Nipawin,
Saskatchewan.

SIR: Knock for Nock is good croquet and I enjoy playing it with this Albert Jay which you and the *Atlantic* help keep conspicuous, though for whose sake I can't figure. Assaying his verbosity on Hugo Black shows that for the first page he says nothing, does nothing except tease the reader with a profound air of knowing dark secrets which, if one has not encountered him previously, he surely will reveal in due course, but which,

if one has previously encountered this oddly sangfroided ex-editor, one knows he surely will not, for never did Mr. Nock fulfill an expectation derivable from his mellifluous leads.

On that first page he reveals his German extradition by twice using "already" in typical Teutonic fashion. That at one place he says "and probably much longer" is unbelievable, for this man was bred in the lap, if not of the very loins, of Aristotle, and there is no question but that he knows precisely any historical duration. His use of "probably" is but one more noisome affectation of a thoroughly insincere mind.

On the second page he strikes his stride almost at once when averring that a thing he has said "one could not say better", an evidence of self-delight never foreign from his output. If our country could stand it, His Complacency should be given trial as President, for just one month. (The first ten days would sink him.) His reference to "Lincoln, Quay, Platt, Penrose" in that order shows that this drivelling in the lees of the "smashing" editorial on politicians, which, if he could not write, he read before beginning this pot-boiler. This page tells in two columns what one could say better in a sentence: "The appointment of Mr. Black was a political error on the President's part."

This theme, like all well-done music, was accompanied by various slurs, tremolos, and treble clef marks superset in a tenor aria of tomcat tempo. The third page begins with retching and ends with a euphemistic Salt Creek not to be mistaken for Arizona's Salt River, but between these two ends of the bowel there is little but more flatulence. He maintains his score of 100% nothing, said with sneers and catcalls.

The fourth page seems, in the light of the editorial on all politicians as sharpers, the highest praise for Roosevelt within the Jayknocker's gift, for he exonerates him of the charge that he is a politician. This page is useless historically and unworthy of the pen of such an Able Arbiter as Mr. Nock would be if he were what he thinks and

admits himself to be. It appears that the unknown Mr. Black in the course of police duty went through business correspondence of a telegraph company, which correspondence Mr. Nock confuses with private letters to Justice Black's detriment. Black himself he does not characterize nor supply with so much as a *Who's Who* paragraph of identification. This is very loose treatment of a public figure.

The concluding page says no more than its predecessors. The whole bad taste indicates that for whims of his own, which he does not design to reveal, Mr. Nock has a mad on Judge Black that is worth to him just what *THE MERCURY* is willing to pay to let good white paper be defiled with mealy-minded meanness. My opinion of Mr. Nock is slightly less mean but more merciful. It is that having about forty years ago reached the age of decapitation, he should return to his *Vaterland*, where they do it neatly with a broad-axe. Upon my radio giving me the axeman's stroke, I'd cry:

Popsicle goes the Weasel!

BATTELL LOOMIS

*Manhattan Beach,
California.*

SIR: Who could have imagined that the world of letters would at some time succeed in producing a magazine of such excellence as *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* of today? *THE MERCURY* was of surpassing excellence to begin with and required no improvement in order to hold its merited position as the very best among the current periodicals, but it nevertheless does seem to become increasingly better with each issue; and as proof that the November issue is no exception, its pages fairly sparkle with masterpieces, among which Mr. Nock's "The Difficulty of Thinking" stands out as a brilliant example. *THE MERCURY* with its present staff and contributors is making observers sit up in wall-eyed wonderment.

PHILIP GRAHAM INGRAM, JR.

*Chicago,
Illinois.*

ORCHID DEPARTMENT

SIR: I have just finished reading with interest the November issue of your "delightful" little brochure, a sad reminder of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* of former days which I used to read because it was one of four or five periodicals wherein one could find sensible, intelligent comment upon news and doings of the current period, issued without bias or prejudice and written in honest intent to give a true picture of things, as the writers visualized them. I am sorry to say that your little pocket-book no longer has that distinguished individuality. You have degenerated into the class of the hundred and one similar "pocket digests" which exist, not by giving the reader an unbiased picturization of events and conditions, but a colorful presentation of each subject tintured with irony, splashed with venom, bereft of intelligence, and loaded with personal prejudice.

For instance, your article "Propaganda From the White House". One discovers in the very first column that it is inspired, not from a desire to correct a condition but from one to castigate a personality, by your using the term "Dr. Roosevelt". When an editor descends so far from the high plane which has been accorded for years to the editorial profession, to stigmatize the President of the United States with a cognomen belittling in intent, he immediately announces to his readers two things: (1) That he is inspired by personal venom; (2) that there is so little of merit in his article that he is forced to depend upon vilification and abuse to hold his readers to the end of the article.

Your editorial on the New York City election is also a fine species of the same. No thinking person would be deceived by this article. As an editor I can see that you simply took a topic, threw a lot of words around it, criticized a condition without offering an alternative plan, and called it an editorial. This is a favorite pastime of some editors who have a deadline to make,

a dark-brown taste in the mouth or a hangover to counteract, and a too-common willingness to underrate the intelligence of Mr. Average Man. The evidence of some unsettled condition in your mind was evidenced by the use of the expression "lousy" five times in the first page, for which you would return the novice's manuscript as unfit for publication.

When I was a boy I used to enjoy watching a small bug pit its puny strength against some obstacle so great that with 1000 more like it, it would still have been unable to move it. I get the same amusement in observing the strenuous efforts of mental giants (?) like yourself endeavoring to shake the faith of the people in Mr. Roosevelt and in his program. When the highbrow intelligentsia of the nation, composed of writers like yourself, Channing Pollock, Heywood Broun, Westbrook Pegler, Edwin C. Hill, and many others too numerous to mention get excited, all in a bunch, and start producing copy, it reminds me of a bunch of ants trying to pull the carcass of a dead rat into an ant hill. It would, no doubt, be interesting to read a comparative tabulation of the incomes enjoyed by these representative Americans in the year 1933 as beside their incomes for this year of 1937.

E. R. SNOW, *Editor*

The Port Jefferson Record

*Port Jefferson,
Long Island.*

SIR: As a reader of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, I was surprised to read your editorial of October, "Why All Politicians Are Crooks". The State, as we all know, is a predatory institution. It was established to plunder neighboring States. With the advance of civilization and the improvement of defensive arms, it became rather difficult to exercise regular depredations abroad for the maintenance of the State. It became therefore necessary to divide each State into two main classes, *viz.*, the one who plunders and the one who is plundered for the benefit of the State. This historical and prehistorical

fact being inescapably evident, it is supremely naïve to try to show that politicians are rogues. What could they be if the State they serve is an organization existing for the sake of plunder?

B. SANÍN CANO

Bogotá,
Colombia.

SIR: With the millions dead in famines and the millions of shootings reported by your trustworthy and nameless Moscow Correspondent, it's strange how the Russian population continues to increase. After reading your correspondent's veracious account, I hied to Carnegie Hall, where a celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Soviet Union was in progress, to hear what could possibly be said in favor of a government so horrendous. Would you believe it? Some ignorant professor from Johns Hopkins actually said that the Soviet Government has done more for the health and well-being, the education and culture of its citizens, than any country on earth! Another ignoramus, a Yale professor this time, said that the Soviet school system was the best in the world and that more schools had been built in the twenty years of the Soviet régime than in the 200 preceding years. It was said also that Soviet students, instead of paying tuition fees, are paid salaries, and that the U.S.S.R. prints twenty times as many books as the U. S. One uncouth lout, an Ambassador or something, said that illiteracy, which stood at 65% in 1917, has been reduced to 8%.

Some of these statements I have heard before, but as I have not seen them verified in THE MERCURY, the final authority in such matters, they are manifestly Red propaganda. But the audience which packed the place, unfortunately not having the benefit of your scholarly and unbiased viewpoint, cheered them lustily.

I tried to convert one chap to Fascism by showing him extracts from the Moscow Correspondent, and what do you think? He offered to bet me a perfectly good quarter

against a plugged dime I'd been trying to pass for a week, that when the Moscow Correspondent finished his article, the subway he took to get home was the Interborough, not the Moscow. You can't reason with these Reds!

SAMUEL BUCK

New York City.

SIR: "Why All Politicians Are Crooks", the Editorial in the October MERCURY, in intelligence and gist is *omnis in parvo*. I suggest that our Solons, servants they call themselves, put W.A.P.A.C. into their stately bag of kindergarten alphabetics. W.A.P.A.C. is a philippic that should be printed or, still better, *engraved*, in every public assembly hall and put in our country's Sunday-school histories.

JOSEF K. EICHORN

Silver Cliff,
Colorado.

SIR: Your two vigorous editorials in the September and October issues of THE MERCURY, "The American Plunderbund" and "Why All Politicians Are Crooks", are calculated to produce quite a chorus of squawks from the numerous gentry thus singled out for your attention. However, let me hasten to say that these are the kind of editorials I like. As exemplified in these articles, you seem to have the rare faculty of using words, not with the idea which seems to possess so many magazine writers, of covering up truth; but to use words to make truth conspicuous and easily understood.

ROYAL P. JARVIS

Michoacán,
Mexico.



THE LITTLE FLOWER

SIR: In your November editorial, "New York Elects a Mayor", I was pleased to note the slapping of one of our prize political pests, Mayor LaGuardia. You might also have mentioned the attempt of New York writers — syndicate and otherwise — to

build their clownish little hero into a national figure. While the ineffable LaG cannot be rated with the Exalted Order of Incredible Buffoons, of which Dr. Roosevelt is the shining star, it must be admitted that he is well on his way to a high degree. Your point that New York City is lousier than other American towns merely in proportion to size is well taken.

I wish I might felicitate you as well on the editorial, "Power of the Press?" Although the *Times* may be your favorite newspaper, why be so apologetic over needed criticism? The criticism was excellent; the apology is something else again.

Are you not in grave danger of crediting the editors of the *Times* with far too much intelligence? During the past few years alone, the *Times* has committed as many imbecilities, perhaps, as any newspaper of its standing within memory. For instance, it was the *Times'* editors who announced support of Dr. Roosevelt, in his last campaign, on the solemn declaration that "the President is going to turn conservative now"! Other instances might be cited, but your memory is as good as mine.

As a matter of prosaic fact, the editors of the *Times* are cursed with the inevitable mentality common to nearly all newspapermen. No matter how high they may rise in their craft, they remain forever the reporter, and all their cerebrations are colored and calibrated with the reportorial angle. To ask them to analyze and interpret men or events intelligently is to ask the impossible. So long as they stick to straight reporting, they manage to appear at least plausible workmen; but whenever they essay ventures into analytical or interpretative fields, they become hopelessly confused. Examples are legion and will occur readily to you. There are few exceptions to this rule — Frank R. Kent is an outstanding example of one newspaperman who escaped from the deadly fate of his craft to the joyful state of a man who can think for himself.

As for the mass of them, *what* makes "news" is important; *who* makes news is

the hero. And they never get over it. Our so-called canny, hardboiled, cynical newspapermen comprise one of our prize grades of *boobus americanus*. If not born suckers for the world's most obvious shams, they soon achieve that blessed state.

J. E. FULLER

Minneapolis,
Minnesota.



ADVICE TO COMRADES

SIR: Congratulations for the publication of the article "The United Affront" by Ernest Boyd. It is as masterly a piece of writing as could be concocted on the subject of the current radical propaganda and nostrums which pester and prey on free minds. The title itself is as fitting a parody of the whole Left-wing movement as could be selected. And in answer to those asinine Communists who immediately hurl the epithets of "fascist" and "reactionary" at men of Mr. Boyd's writing caliber, let them read that part of Mr. Boyd's article which contains as strong a rejection of Hitler's and Mussolini's goose-steppers as it does of Stalin's "united" proletariat. If only those "intellectuals", to whom the Marxian hallucination of a "United Front" has reached the stage of a dementia, could learn something from Mr. Boyd's writing!

JOSEPH SEGAL

Washington,
D. C.



ON BOOK REVIEWING

SIR: A correction. . . . In your November issue you say of my recent book, *The Evening Heron*: "Mr. Freund was praised for an earlier novel, *The Snow*; he will hear little from this one."

Sorry, but you are wrong. *The Snow* was a collection of twelve short stories, all varied, and not a single story of which missed being selected as the "best" by some reviewer, while a good many critics chose individual stories as below standard. No two agreed, and thus I had as much experience with

reviewers as though I had published twelve books, instead of a single one. With that in mind, I told myself that I would be lucky to receive only one-twelfth the number of good notices for *The Heron*, which has only one story and situation, and that—admittedly—a too esoteric one. What one critic called “the abyss of temperament” accounts for differences of opinion.

But actually *The Heron* has received as many favorable notices as *The Snow*, and in just the same places. Some of the critics think it marks progress; some believe it a slight regression. One paper—the *Providence Journal*—which disliked *The Snow* very heartily, takes *The Heron* to its bosom. One magazine that praised *The Snow* extravagantly—*THE AMERICAN MERCURY*—does not like *The Heron* (but there has been a change of critics in the interim?).

The truth is that publication dates and chronology mean very little. The two books were written more than seven years apart and probably do not represent progress, regression, or anything else. I wrote about a half-dozen other books in the interim, some of which are scheduled for publication later. Through seven years and six books, I have doubtless changed so much that one could say the books were written by different authors and let it go at that. I should hate to stand still for seven years or take myself so seriously as to think I have a “personal development” that is of interest to any reader. I write stories for their own sake, despite your reviewer’s belief that my book is pretentious. (But what’s wrong with being pretentious? I wish I were more so. Your reviewer fell hook, line, and sinker for *The Seven Who Fled*. I am fond of Prokosch’s beautiful writing, but are you dead sure he knows the Asiatic terrain so well? I doubt it.)

Of course, I know that none of this is very important. I am not saying that favorable reviews elsewhere prove that *THE MERCURY*’s critic is wrong. I doubt whether good reviews or bad reviews prove very much of anything, although I want people to enjoy

my books and I am vain enough to get pleasure from reading favorable notices—why pretend otherwise?—when I get them. I used to value reviews for their commercial result, but I have learned that good reviews do not sell books—at least, not my books.

Personally, I like the new *MERCURY* better than the old one—much better. I am sorry you don’t like the new Freund better than the old one. And please pardon my garrulity.

PHILIP FREUND

New York City.



STILL SEX

SIR: I beg to differ with Dwight Stebbins pertaining to sexual matters being discussed in your periodical. I believe if every newspaper and every magazine discussed more openly the vital facts of life, we would hear less of murder, rape, and attacks upon innocent women and children.

I further believe that if your magazine will continue printing eloquent and educational articles on sex, it will have joined the ranks of those heroic fighters who wish to blot out ignorance and bigotry.

MORRIS WIENER

*Coney Island,
New York.*

SIR: I’d much prefer plain, wholesome food in my *MERCURY*. Leave the ravings of the neurotics and psycho-pathological freaks to those magazines where one expects to find such stuff and can avoid it if he chooses.

INEZ F. MARINER

*Elk Point,
South Dakota.*

SIR: Your article, “I Believe in the Double Standard”, together with the articles it inspired, have caused a right merry controversy. This furor proves the interest taken by everyone in the fundamental laws of life and human deportment.

Dissection of the subject matter under discussion reveals that the correspondents have failed to put their finger on the crux

of the situation which is, I believe, that man is subservient to and not master of his glands. The female of the species also is responsive to the physiological construction of her anatomy. So that, while there are exceptional instances that show great variance, it can be set down as a truism that the deportment of the individual male and female is reflected in the functioning of their glands, for which they are in no-wise responsible.

Marriage has been characterized as "the greatest gamble", and a perfect mating is only possible when the gland structure of the contracting parties is of fairly equal strength and durability. The amenities and proprieties that attempt to govern the actions of the civilized race are best fortified by the institution called marriage, but it seems to be true that only about ten per cent of all marriages are truly successful throughout the years.

The male who retains his virility wakes up some morning to discover that his mate has grown away from the physical. It then is up to him to repress his natural instincts and desires if he wishes to keep within society's good opinion, and to continue as the faithful but emasculated husband of his household, ekeing out an existence without romance or flavor. Such a male is as much an object of sympathy as his pre-aged wife, perhaps more so, because the wife does not care for or know what she is missing, while the man would be far better off, mentally and physically, castrated.

I believe in marriage, but some way should be devised to mate according to glandular fitness and its expectancy for continuance to insure love and compatibility. The field of medicine would go far toward establishing the happiness of the human race if physicians, and perhaps surgeons, could discover a practicable means for lengthening the active life of female ductless glands.

A PHYSICIAN

*Topeka,
Kansas.*

SIR: I am ashamed that no Miss Tomkins has had the courage to speak regarding her part in the article, "I Believe in the Double Standard". In the first place all the "nice" girls who work in offices, whether their names be Miss Tomkins or Miss Something Else, are not fools enough to be carrying on affairs with men, especially men with whom they work every day. Affairs and a job do not mix, whether Wife knows that or not. I happen to have been a foolish Miss Tomkins and wish to state my case.

My boss and I fell in love, and a great part of the blame must rest on my shoulders, or any office worker who falls in love with her superior. There is an innate quality in any woman to worship the man she works for; that is inevitable if she enjoys her work. Perhaps that is the reason women make such good workers in offices. They are unconsciously trying to impress their boss as a man. At any rate we considered an affair. It is purely a personal question (having an affair) and either way something is lost. Each individual decides which way is best for him and follows it. I paid in yielding to my desires, but would have paid in other ways if I had not, so I am no loser.

When I or any other woman takes a man away from his wife — she has lost him. The only reason that he returns to her is the force of public opinion, his own conscience, and the legal ties involved. Otherwise he would stick by me just as long as he would by his wife. The big point in favor of office workers is that they have brains, and incidentally interesting bodies of which Wife has neither or she could not lose him even temporarily. When I marry I expect my husband to be true to me in the main, and I also expect to be a good enough woman to take care of him physically and mentally to prevent him from straying. If he should stray I would not sit meekly at home, but would go "gunning" for him. That would be my procedure unless he wasn't worth it.

A MISS TOMKINS

*Blackfoot,
Idaho.*

DRUGGED

SIR: In the November *MERCURY* you published an article by Mr. Albert Jay Nock on "The Difficulty of Thinking". Apparently the art of thinking proves just as painful at times for the author of the articles as it does for the rest of us poor mortals. He states, for instance, that by the very lowest possible estimate, there are 1,500,000 drug addicts in the United States. Since it is a well-known fact, and also a matter of record established after years of first-hand experience and study of the problem by eminent authorities such as the Rockefeller Foundation, the United States Public Health Service, and the United States Bureau of Narcotics, that there are at the highest estimate not over 110,000 drug addicts in the country, I wonder if Mr. Nock would mind telling us what the other 1,390,000 are addicted to — is it aspirin?

And I also wonder if he would be good enough to let us in on the source of his information? Maybe we are in the dark; and even if we don't think much, we like to get our facts from proper places.

MINNIE A. HUDGINS

*Baltimore,
Maryland.*

MR. NOCK REPLIES

SIR: I stated no such thing. I stated that one of our most eminent alienists gave me this estimate. He said further that official figures were quite worthless, and known to be so, on account of the secrecy of the drug habit. I will gladly give my informant's name to the editor of *THE MERCURY* if he requires it — he knows him well, both personally and by reputation — but I see no reason for giving it to this correspondent.

ALBERT JAY NOCK

New York City.



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

SIR: The understatements made by Mr. Peake in his article on Sherman were so glaring that I cannot refrain from correcting them even at this late date. In the first place,

the title was all wrong; it had better been named "Why America Hates Sherman", for poor Uncle Billy is certainly hated as bitterly, if not as deliberately or extensively, in the North as in the South. Secondly, Mr. Peake was rather too conservative when he said that the Southern patriots have made a myth of the March. They've made a myth of the entire Civil War, and since Confederate patriotic societies are as active as Union societies are supine, they have succeeded in making that myth acceptable by all Americans.

Perhaps it is only natural that organizations formed to perpetuate the glory of the Confederacy should yearly grow larger and more vigorous, while those composed of the descendants of Union veterans should be so small and so silent. After all, the Northern soldier was in the right — rather by force of circumstance than because of any clear-thinking patriotism — and therefore needs no one to apologize for him. And those who win a war have what they think they want and can go on to new fields — the loser has only memories of past glory and visions of what might have been. Yet since the United Front of Southern patriots is so viciously engaged in canonizing the Confederate and vilifying the Yankee, it seems a shame that descendants of Union soldiers never try to give their side of the story.

By Southern patriots I do not mean members of Confederate societies, but anyone who still clings to the Richmond, 1865, version of the war. Some of the worst slanders against the North have been uttered by Northerners; the most biased and hysterical treatment of the Reconstruction period, in recent years, was written by a Northern politician, and a Northern author intimated that while the Yankee soldiers suffered from the necessary privations of Southern prisons, the Southerners in Yankee prisons were driven insane! Margaret Mitchell was kind enough to us Yankees; she made it plain that the Yankee who came to plunder Tara was a straggler, and her treatment of the Reconstruction officers was

touching and sympathetic. But the very fervor of her book has given thoughtless people some wrong ideas. Some Virginian recently wrote a book which apparently was intended to stir up hatred against the North; it is incredible that anyone could be so narrow-minded so long after the close of the war. Every incident in the book, every conversation and every quotation, was chosen to show the Yankee as a traitor, a vandal, a murderer, a barbarian, and the Confederate as a knight without fear or reproach; over and again the author would have some character say that the South could not and should not reunite with the North. Hollywood, always careful to avoid hurting feelings, invariably presents only the Southern civilian side of the war, and too often portrays the Federal soldier as a robber and bully.

Now that novelists are using quotations from men on either side as proof of Northern depravity and Southern chivalry, it might not be amiss to note the difference between the reports of Federal officers and those of the Confederates. The Federal reports, in the main, were dignified and business-like, and lacked the hypocritical piety and rant that sometimes distinguished the Rebel reports. The Rebel reports, indeed, occasionally sounded more like examples of yellow journalism than ordinary reports of military matters. Some generals openly bragged about their soldiers having killed former West Pointers, and God is mentioned so often and so thankfully you figure He must have been assistant Secretary of War.

Grant was broad-minded enough to admire the devotion and courage of his enemies, but such magnanimity did not seem to characterize General Lee. Lee evidently could admire patriotism only when it wore a gray uniform. Speaking of an old army friend, who had been wounded and captured, he said that this friend, because he had stayed with the old flag, "had only himself to blame" for his suffering. Again and again does he speak of the Northerners with hatred and contempt; I

wonder just what he meant by his famous comment at Fredericksburg: "It is well that war is so terrible, or else we should grow too fond of it"? Did he mean, "It is too bad that Southerners must fall in this war, for I do enjoy shooting down those people who wear the uniform I wore, carry the flag I served; these boys whom I trained at West Point, and who are now using that knowledge to fight against me."

All of which has digressed rather far from a mere criticism of Mr. Peake's article. But I believe that we Yankees ought to be allowed to fight back now and then, and if this letter causes consternation in one meeting of Southern patriots, I shall be satisfied.

ELOISE R. LEHNER

*Blairstown,
New Jersey.*

SIR: I believe that you do not *dare* spread before your people the letters of General W. T. Sherman, taken from official records, to answer Peveral H. Peake's article, "Why the South Hates Sherman". The official records contain letters of Lincoln, Grant, Halleck, Sherman, Schofield, Sheridan, Hunter, and many others that put everyone of them on a footing with the Germans and the Japanese in violating the laws of war and humanity, as proclaimed by the civilized nations before the Confederate War and which are still in force today.

Schofield and Ewing wanted to depopulate nearly half of Missouri in 1863, and wrote to Lincoln about it, and Lincoln said that he "would not interfere", and it was done — very completely done. Halleck, for Lincoln, wrote Grant, below Vicksburg, that the policy of the Government had changed, and he must tell his generals that not only were they to take whatever their armies needed, but destroy *anything* that would help the enemy in his warfare. The first is according to the laws of war, the last in utter violation of them. Crops, seed, implements, everything down to chickens, thenceforth were destroyed, and barns and houses and towns burned with great fre-

quency. And there are letters of Federal officers crying out against the iniquity of it all.

To bring these things out, however easy, is not advisable. The South, through innate strength, is recovering her influence in the Union, and for its—the Union's—great good. An agricultural people are all the world over simpler and stronger and more wholesome for a country to possess than any other. Sneer all you want. That hurts you, not us.

ROBERT W. BARNWELL, SR.

*Florence,
South Carolina.*



FARLEY FOR PRESIDENT

SIR: Consider yourselves congratulated! Congratulated, because your article, "Farley For President!" furnished this humble reader with the biggest laugh in many a day. In fact I haven't stopped chuckling yet, as I still break out into spasmodical new laughs each time I recall your delightfully humorous article. Your subtleness in presenting such a grade of humor (humor which can be enjoyed only by Americans) is excelled only by such great writers as O. Henry, Mark Twain, and Will Rogers. All Americans should take it upon themselves to enjoy more honest-to-goodness belly-laughs such as your article inspires.

STANLEY G. CHOATE

New York City.

SIR: Hurrah for James Aloysius, the next President! I feel that THE MERCURY has now *really done something*—you have started the draft of our logical next President. All luck to your effort; and keep it up. Make Jim take it! Only the archangels know how richly he deserves it!

RICHARD G. QUYNER

*Newport News,
Virginia.*



THE TWO-GUN MAN

SIR: According to "The Myth of the Two-Gun Man" by Charles B. Roth, the

marksmanship of the pistol experts of the '70's and '80's was pretty bad, compared with the expert shooting on present Saturday afternoons at a thousand practice ranges. The author's positive and exaggerated statements might have been answered by the shooting experts of the old Wild West saying that their shooting was good enough to serve its object at the time. They shot at men in action, not targets. I have yet to read what happened when any of them missed, if ever they did. Why didn't an adversary cover himself with glory by killing Jesse James, Ben Thompson, John Wesley Harden (who killed forty-one men), Bat Masterson, Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickok, or Wyatt Earp? With the exception of Masterson and Earp, who died natural deaths, and Billy the Kid, killed by a sheriff, the others were assassinated.

Some of those men carried two guns, but they only used one gun at a time, according to what I have read. An old biography of Frank and Jesse James limits Jesse's properly-identified killings to three men, which was a very small number for an outlaw who lived on the wrong side of the law for fifteen years, and got away with it. It is a singular fact that there were no bank robberies in such towns as Tombstone, Arizona, Dodge City, Kansas, and Cheyenne, Wyoming. That there were plenty of men around who could shoot may have been the main reason which intimidated would-be bank robbers; robbing stage coaches was a much safer business.

I guess that even the myth of Western marksmanship didn't depend so much upon the creations of Ned Buntline's imagination as Mr. Roth assumes it did. Mr. Judson made a lot of money as a dime-novel writer, but when his readers of the '80's and '90's grew up, I believe their mentalities were quite equal to the task of making corrections to accord with facts.

HARRY W. COLE

*Detroit,
Michigan.*

SIR: Mr. Roth seems to question the ability of a man to manipulate effectively two weapons simultaneously, one in each hand; and he conveys the idea that all accounts of those men of violence who made frontier life so colorful are fictitious as to the traditional use of two pistols. (He erroneously calls revolving pistols "guns", the latter being firearms held to the shoulder.)

There is nothing unique or extraordinary in the double-handed, simultaneous usage of weapons. Moslem history is replete with instances, especially with the scimitar: Rustum, national hero of the epics, always used a scimitar in either hand; and Bahrâm, celebrated in song and story, traditionally couched two lances, one in either rest, and affixed two arrows when he drew the bow. It is historically related by the historians of Islam that Abulfeda, sometimes Sultan of Hamah and kinsman of Saladin, decapitated two Crusaders in battle simultaneously with a scimitar in each hand; and Abulfeda, himself an historian of note, tells us that the Sultan Alp Arslan, the most celebrated archer of his time, commonly strung two arrows to his bow and was able to transfix two opponents at a time. We have, though, no authentic instance of Moslem warriors able to manipulate effectively two bows at one time, due to the limited number of arms with which Allah hath endowed man. Indeed, indicative of how it was expected a competent warrior could use two scimitars at once, we have a nineteenth-century treatise by the celebrated Abu Ubaida of Basra, giving technical instruction to fence with a scimitar in each hand and take on two opponents, with details of how to sever two necks at once. And surely the probity of Moslem historians cannot be impugned when they relate how the Sultan Alp Arslan, at the Battle of Malazkerd, where he exterminated the vast army of Unbelievers (1071 A.D.) under the Roman Emperor Romanus, cast away both his scimitars and took a flail in either hand, bashing in the helmeted skulls of Christian warriors in pairs to the number of three

score and eight, half being accredited to each hand.

I am reluctant to believe that the late men of violence in the West of Heathen America were such sissies as not habitually to kill two opponents at a time with two pistols, as Mr. Roth denies. Mr. Roth's article is disparaging to the honor of the old pistol-men of the West.

AL-FORD IBN-ROOS

*Vanadium,
New Mexico.*

670

THE OLD-AGE PENSION

SIR: I plead guilty. I had a part in persuading the people of Missouri to adopt a constitutional amendment making home care for the aged possible. I further plead guilty to lobbying for what is known as Old-Age Pensions for the Aged Poor, to preclude their going to unspeakable poor-houses of Missouri. Yes, I am "one Oscar Leonard, a high-powered press agent", as Mr. Ralph Coghlan refers to me in his article on "Missouri Uplift: A Case History" in THE MERCURY. As a sort of *apologia pro vita mia*, may I say to Mr. Coghlan that I was for years on the staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. For years I was engaged in social work in St. Louis and participated in civic activities in the State. The implication that a "high-powered press agent" bamboozled "Uplifters" into bringing the State of Missouri to the edge of bankruptcy, is not worthy of a member of the *Post-Dispatch* staff. That newspaper was a most important factor in the Old-Age Pensions movement.

I am accused by Mr. Coghlan of having given an estimate of between 9000 and 10,000 possible pensioners, with the implication that my estimate was knowingly incorrect. The estimate I gave was compiled by a leading economist now in the employ of the federal government. It was based on the U. S. census figures of 1930. These show pension States like New York with a population of 12,588,066; New Jersey with 4,041,334; California with 5,677,241; and

Missouri with 3,629,367. California, with about two-thirds more population than Missouri, with a pension system enacted in 1929 and the age 65, had 8133 pensioners in 1934. New Jersey had 9015 pensioners that same year, with the system in vogue since 1931. New York, with almost four times the population of Missouri, had 51,106 pensioners, the system being in vogue since 1930. Was our estimate of between 9000 and 10,000 statistically sound or not, Mr. Coghlan?

Now as to the costs of pensions. Since New York, with no maximum amount of pension and four times Missouri's population, spent in 1934 a total of \$12,651,089; and New Jersey, with a maximum provision of \$1 per day, spent \$1,773,320, the estimate of \$2,000,000 was reached. It was based on the experience of these and other pension States, taking into account that more industrialized States present problems of higher costs and less financial independence than Missouri.

The number of applications quoted by Mr. Coghlan is no criterion. It is not the number of applications that represent essential facts in connection with pensions. It is the number of applications which are approved and the number of persons who receive pensions that count. According to the last census, Missouri had a total of 171,189 persons between 65 and 74. Unless Missouri is a pauper State, which it is not, the 100,000 pensioners Mr. Coghlan expects on the rolls are an absurd figure.

But he accuses politicians of misusing the pension system. With that part of his article denouncing such vultures I am in complete agreement. It is up to the people of Missouri to fight against this unspeakable situation. Had the Missouri Legislature adopted the model bill suggested by the American Association for Social Security, which by the way was mainly responsible for the effort to pension the aged in Missouri, the picture would have been entirely different. The original bill did not contemplate political hangers-on as administrators. It provided

for properly and adequately trained social-workers, and social diagnosis before pensioning. But it seems that the very politicians who opposed the old-age pension system, when they saw they could not defeat it, maneuvered so to amend the legislation as to give themselves and their friends jobs, to the detriment of the aged.

OSCAR LEONARD

*Harmon on-Hudson,
New York.*



THE WORKERS

SIR: Ordinarily I do not have time to comment regarding articles in your magazine, which I read faithfully. However, the recent article by Channing Pollock on "The Workers" is so good that I would like you to know how much I have enjoyed it. Certainly this sane analysis of the silly, sentimental attitude of otherwise sensible people, toward the poor, downtrodden worker is most timely. I wonder how many dinner parties I have attended where beautiful ladies draped in expensive clothes and bedecked in jewels have prattled about the poor laborer. If they had to sacrifice one diamond for the object of their pity, it might dampen their enthusiasm. I wish it were possible for this article to be mailed to every impractical idealist in our country.

VIVIEN KELLEMS

New York City.



CONCERNING CASKETS

SIR: We trust you will not take amiss a couple of factual comments on Mr. McKee's careful article in the November issue on the evolution of the oldtime graveyard into the modern holding-company promotion cemetery. In the last few paragraphs he makes some remarks about funeral directors that will scarcely stand investigation. It has been customary for funeral directors to bill their clients for the casket, though most of the services were also included. Some itemize separately, some say "for

casket and services", but many simply bill for the casket.

You can see that the customary mark-up of three to four times the wholesale price is therefore not unreasonable on the lower and medium price ranges, considering the number of days involved and the many technical and other services and the amount of investment in funeral establishment and equipment. Whether the demand for such funerals by the public is one that should be met is another question. You can buy metal caskets, if you are a funeral director, considerably cheaper wholesale than the price quoted.

It is unfortunate that an otherwise admirable article should have slipped on these relatively minor points.

CARL HAESSLER, *Director*
Institute for Mortuary Research
Chicago,
Illinois.

MR. MCKEE REPLIES

SIR: Mr. Haessler's letter raises a point which was not included in "The High Cost of Dying" on account of lack of space. It was long the undertakers' custom to charge not only for the casket but for all other burial items — embalming, hearse and carriage service, pall bearers, use of chapel, use of chairs and other equipment in residence

services. Many of these charges, outrageously high, produced bellows of protest from the customers when bills were rendered subsequent to the services; consequently the smarter morticians began to conceal these items discreetly in largely increased casket prices — a practice which is today widespread in the trade.

But here's the joker — *all caskets carry the same service, regardless of price.* This means that while a cheap casket — \$15 to the undertaker, \$75 to the customer — may allow no more than a good profit, a medium priced casket — wholesale \$35, retail \$450 — may pay a net return ten times as high. That, indeed, is why Happy Sanctuary is muscling in on the undertakers' fruitful field.

Mr. Haessler also says that I understated the morticians' profit on metal caskets. I certainly didn't intend to.

PHILIP MCKEE

New York City.

~*~

NO

SIR: May I enquire if your magazine took notice of the fact that the President came through with another of his typical "F'r-our-side" chats recently?

MRS. HAROLD L. MCKEEN

Tulsa,
Oklahoma.





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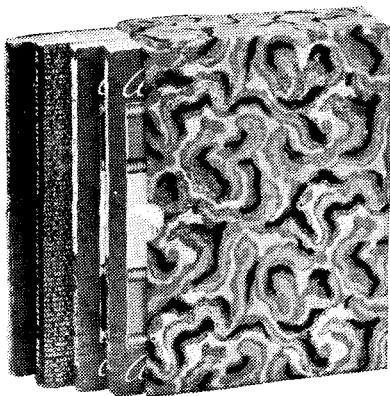
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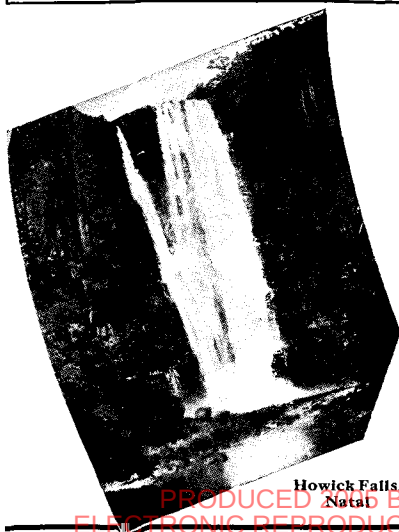
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Howick Falls,
Natal

THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from front adv't section, p. vi)

as he would be. It is a pity that no mor will come from that gifted but insular per his *Robert E. Lee* still raises the hackle south of the Potomac.

★★★ DOCTORS ON HORSEBACK, by James Thomas Flexner. \$2.75. *Viking Press*. Lucent history of early America medicine from Colonial times to the discovery of anesthesia, which opened the way to modern surgery. Accompanying chronological matter are compact portraits of seven pioneer doctors who contributed in great degree to the progress of the science in this country.

★★★ THE LIFE OF PAUL GAUGIN, by Robert Burnett. \$3.50. *Oxford Press*. Gaugin's fame came too late for him; reading this, the sanest and most objective portrait of him yet to appear, it seems the more than most men he did what he wanted to do with his life.

★★★ AUGUSTUS, by John Buchan. \$4. *Houghton Mifflin*. John Buchan, whose titles and achievements are impressive, writes for his own pleasure the life-story of Augustus Caesar, who, as a sickly young man, took over and reduced to order the Julius' unfinished work, and in a reign of forty-four years rationalized to common terms the mighty conceptions of his uncles. In this author's judgment, Augustus saved the world from disintegration and in some sense fathered modern times. Many disagree with Mr. Buchan's summation. It will occur to thoughtful people that the word *Princeps*—chosen title of the Divus Augustus while he lived—translates approximately into *Der Führer*. Yet one can go no further than Mr. Buchan's first chapter. Other points aside, a polished product of craftsmanship.

★ THE FLIVVER KING, by Upton Sinclair. Twenty-five cents. Published by Upton Sinclair and the United Automobile Workers of America. The Sage of Pasaden cuts loose again, this time against the

THE CHECK LIST

ford, the Sage of Detroit. The book commences well, runs askew in the mid-section, and concludes with an emotional tirade against Ford and every manufactured article bearing his name. The UAW is distributing 200,000 copies of this opus. As a proletarian propaganda, it ranks high.

MISCELLANEOUS

★★★ MY IRELAND, by Lord Dunsany. 2.50. *Funk & Wagnalls*. Lord Dunsany is one of the first prose poets alive. His writing has always a sensuous beauty, quite dependent of his subject, and he deals with spiritual things. Here he gives us the Green Isle as a snipe-shooter sees it; Tara's all and Boyne Water examined between pots at the springing Jack, the golden rooster, or the wild-geese flight. Very lovely writing, with a special appeal to the field sportsman and the antiquary. Fine photographs.

★★★ WOOLLCOTT'S SECOND READER, by Alexander Woollcott. \$3.00. *Viking*. A fine anthology which should be on the reading table of everyone who loves a book. Woollcott's comments on his selections are written in his usual beguiling vein.

★★★ THE END OF DEMOCRACY, by Ralph Adams Cram. \$3.00. *Marshall Jones*. Cram optimistically opines that the dictatorship of the proletariat can be avoided in America by Constitutional reform, though his optimism is far from enthusiastic. The efficacy of his reforms is doubtfully open to doubt: but his penetrating analysis of the present state of world affairs will find few equals in present-day writing. A book that should be read by every informed person. An index is lacking.

★★ WHO WERE THE ELEVEN MILLION? by David Lawrence. \$1.00. *Metron-Century*. An important, thoughtful analysis of the 11,000,000 voters who represented Roosevelt's popular majority in the 1936 election. By arithmetical process, Mr. Lawrence discloses how, for

(Continued on page xii)



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THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page xi)

the first time in our history, the machines of the United States Government is being used to perpetuate the Party in power.

CONTRIBUTORS

BLAIR BOLLES (Cohen and Corcora Brain Twins) is a member of the editor staff of the Washington Evening Star. **EVA BYRON** (Barter No Bay) w w lives in Tampa, Florida, is a singer as well as a writer. **WHITFIELD COOK** (The Good Wife) combines fiction with their work in New York City. **MARTIN GANNETT** (Have You Had Your Appendix Out?) is a practicing physician. **HERMAN G. JAMES** (How to Be University President) has spent twenty years in the university field, as professor, dean, and president. **FRANK R. KEF** (No Third Term for Roosevelt) is the well known political writer and Washington commentator for the Baltimore Sun. **DOROTHY KISSLING** (Mood) lives in Chicago and has recently completed their first novel. **JEROME MASON** (O'Connell's Fuller Life Salesmen) is a newspaperman from the Sooner State. **H. MENCKEN** (The Triumph of the Hottentot) is the former editor of THE MERCURY. **HELENE MULLINS** (The Dream) will publish a new volume of verse this month, "Streams from the Source" (Cotton Press). **GARRETT OPPENHEIM** (Advice to a Sculptor) was born in Manhattan in 1911 and is now a free-lance writer that city. **JOHN RITCHEY** (Port from a Feast) is a member of the editorial staff of the Christian Science Monitor. **OLAND D. RUSSELL** (When Sull Kayoed Kilrain), a frequent contributor these pages, is a member of the editorial staff of the New York World-Telegram. **HAROLD LORD VARNEY** is a well-known authority on the American Radical movement.

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Among the many interesting, informative articles in the January, 1938 issue are *Japan's Stake in Empire*, by William Henry Chamberlin; *Troubles of a Foreign Correspondent*, by Eugene Lyons; and *WPA*, by Corrington Gill.

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ORCHESTRAL

***††† *Concerto for Violin, Brahms:* (RCA-Victor, four-and-a-half 12-inch records, \$9.) A re-recording of Fritz Kreisler's sensitive and knowing performance of this great music, with excellent co-operation by John Barbirolli and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Unfortunately, Kreisler's technic is no longer of the surety or poise that this work demands, and there are consequently more than occasional inaccuracies and slurred passages, in the first and last movements particularly. The recording is consistently excellent.

***††† *Concerto for Piano, No. 1 in C Beethoven:* (Columbia, four 12-inch records, \$6.) The harassed record collector now has the choice between versions of this work by Artur Schnabel and Walter Gieseking an embarrassment, indeed, of riches. The present version by Gieseking is an exceptionally able one, crisp and fluent in the allegro passages, and imbued with love-feeling for the sentiment of the larghetto. Moreover, it is sheer piano playing superior to Schnabel's. Hans Rosbaud directs the associated performance by the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra, which is musicianly but not as apt for the music as Gieseking's performance.

***†† *Hansel und Gretel (Overture), Humperdinck:* (Victor, one 12-inch record \$1.50). The fanciful overture to Humperdinck's attractive opera is here given to the benefit of excellent playing by the BB Orchestra and expert conducting by Adria Boult. Easily the best of the available versions.

RECORDED MUSIC

PIANO

***†† *Sonata in B flat (opus 106), Beethoven*: (RCA-Victor, six 12-inch records, \$12). Artur Schnabel's classic performance of the *Hammerclavier*, now available to the general public (it was originally recorded for the subscription series of Beethoven sonatas), is one of the superior accomplishments of this generation's great interpreters. Tonally, the recording is somewhat less resonant than the best piano reproduction of recent months, but the other virtues of the set are too considerable for this to be an important factor.

VOCAL

***††† *Die Mainacht, Brahms and Der Vussbaum, Schumann*: (RCA-Victor, one 12-inch record, \$2). The fine voice and uperb taste of Marian Anderson, in combination with this exceptional material, comprise one of the year's outstanding records. Both songs are delivered at an unusually moderate pace, but with no detriment to their meaning or effectiveness. Kosti Tchanen is the pianist. Miss Anderson's voice has never been so well reproduced.

VIOLIN

***†† *Rondo in D, Schubert and Adagio in , Tartini*: (Columbia, one 12-inch record, 1.50). The high art of Josef Szigeti makes much of this little, especially in the instance of the Schubert Rondo. There is scarcely another violinist now before the public who matches Szigeti's intelligence with a similar astery of the instrument. Nikita de Magaff is the valuable accompanist.

DANCE

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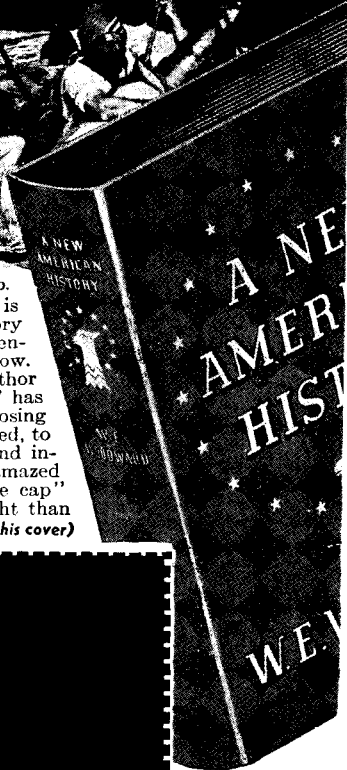
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